THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 9. NO. 52. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1892. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE

ONEIDA COUNTY'S HARDWOOD.

There Is a Plentiful Supply of It Awaiting the Manufacturer.

The manufacture of hardwood is usually left until a country is pretty well stripped of its pine. The pine lumber manufacturer rarely takes up hardwood business and the fact that a locality may be well supplied with the valuable timber is often unknown until the pine supply becomes scarce. Oneida county is known as a pine land country, but nevertheless there are bodies of as fine hardwood within its borders as can be found anywhere. In certain localities the county is well timbered with red and black birch, basswood and maple. Much of the maple is of the curley or bird's-eye variety, so valuable for veneers and furniture. The farther north maple is found, the greater is the percentage of bird's-eye. The demand for hardwood lumber is such that a mill located here should prove a good paying institution.

The lumber firms of town could handle all that could be cut in one mill, without difficulty. The man who starts a hardwood mill here will find both the supply and demand at his very door. In conversation, a citizen who has had an excellent opportunity to inform himself as to the extent and quality of Oneida county hardwood, said that it was only a question of a few years before the valuable hardwoods in this section would be used for other purposes than fire wood, either being manufactured here or shipped to the Fox river valley in the log. We have an institution here, the Screen Door Factory, which would take a large amount of hardwood lumber, now necessarily purchased outside. The gentleman above referred to, in speaking of the location and quantity of this timber, said that the greater part of the township 38-10 was well timbered with birch, maple and basswood of a fine and large kind, and that in 38 and 39 of Ranges 9 and 10 there was between thirty and forty thousand acres of hardwood timber land. It reaches from the railroad near Three Lakes west to the county road. Just south of Rhinelander, below the Pelican river is another fine tract of black, red and yellow birch and hard maple. The excellent color and quality of these woods can be seen in some of Rhinelander's fine residences: for instance, W. E. Brown's, Judge Alban's or S. S. Miller's. Southwest of town there is a fine hardwood belt, and west on the Soo Line, north of track, is as fine a body of hardwood, including rock elm, birch and maple as can be found anywhere. A hardwood mill here would find plenty of jobbers willing to bring logs to the mill, and the amount of this sort of timber which homesteaders could sell is much greater than one would suppose. It is not so much that Rhinelander wants a hardwood mill, but that the town wants a factory which will use both pine and hardwood. Such an institution could find plenty of stock of both kinds here.

The Kellar Lumber Co.

are now nicely situated in their new office and will soon begin shipping. Their present stock of about three million will be increased by 2,000,000 a month, the cut of the Clayton mill. About three million lath and as many shinges will be made each month. They have contracted to have their dressing done at the "Soo" planing mill. Mr. C. J. Kellar, president of the company, will remain here permanently as will also R. V. Day, treasurer. Mr. Miller will be on the road most of the time. The new firm is nicely situated for handling lumber, they have a fine grade of logs, and will doubtless do a big business. It is their intention to cut and sell 25,000,000 annually, and at that rate they have logs enough to last them six years.

Arrested For Larceny.

Ed. Estes, a young man who worked about town last year, is now on his way back from Stanton, Mich., in charge of an officer. He is wanted for grand larceny. Last October he was sent by Ed. Berry to the Merchants' State Bank, to get currency for two checks, amounting to $55.06. He got the currency but did not return. Instead, he walked to Pennington, and from there took a train to Michigan. His whereabouts were discovered a short time ago and Dist. Atty. Shelton procured requisition papers for him. Had Estes shown any desire to make good his theft, or any inclination toward repentance, it is likely that he would have been prosecuted. As it is he is likely to do the state service for his unfortunate error in supposing that he was helping himself by taking the money.

LINKED FOR LIFE.

Cupid Captured a Couple of Couples Yesterday.

PECK-SCHROEDER.—At the bride's home, Wednesday evening, Feb. 3, by Rev. D. C. Savage, Miss Agnes A. Peck to John H. Schroeder. The ceremony was witnessed by only relatives and a few intimate friends. F. C. Ulrich acted as groomsman and Miss Ella Beers, as bridesmaid. An elegant wedding supper was spread at 10, and the fine presents given the newly wedded couple were both numerous and elaborate. No young couple has ever been married in Rhinelander who start out on the matrimonial voyage with the well wishes of more numerous friends than do Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder. As soon as their new house on King street is completed they will begin housekeeping.

RYDER-SAVAGE.

The Methodist church was packed to the doors yesterday morning by a throng anxious to witness the wedding ceremony of Miss Alta M. Ryder and Rev. D. C. Savage. It was performed by Rev. J. D. Cole, of Beaver Dam. After the church service a wedding breakfast and reception were given at the home of the bride's parents on King street. Only a few intimate friends and relatives were present. Mr. and Mrs. Savage left on the limited last evening for a few days' trip to Milwaukee and Chicago. They are abundantly supplied with well wishes, of which they are entirely deserving. Mr. Savage is a conscientious worker in his chosen profession, and is universally respected and esteemed. The bride is highly spoken of by all who know her, as a worthy companion and helpmate for the reverend gentleman.

Death of Mrs. Chatterton.

Mrs. Anna Chatterton died at her home in this city, Monday, February 1. She had been ill for some time with pneumonia, which, combined with the infirmities of her advanced age, ended life. She was in her 65th year. The funeral services were held at the home, on the North side, Wednesday afternoon, being conducted by Rev. H. A. Buzzell. Mrs. Chatterton was a native of Pennsylvania, her maiden name being Anna Schelly. She was married to Robert W. Chatterton 45 years ago, soon after which they removed to Wisconsin, coming to Rhinelander eight years ago. Mrs. Chatterton was an excellent woman, and her friends numbered all acquaintances. She was a kind and just mother, a dutiful wife and a willing helper of the unfortunate or needy, whether they were friends or strangers. Six grown up children live to mourn her loss with the husband and father. Two sons, Robert Jr. and Charles W. and a daughter, Mrs. Sims reside here. The other son, John, is a resident of Clinton, Iowa. The daughter Sara is married to S. H. Leland, of Oshkosh, and the other daughter Rebecca, is married to Rev. C. P. Cheeseman, pastor of the M. E. church at Sturgeon Bay. All the children were present at the obsequies.

Will Move to Minneapolis.

O. F. Wissler has purchased a half interest in the extensive tobacco and cigar house of F. A. Motts & Co., Minneapolis. This will necessitate his moving to the city about April 1. Mr. Wissler has been in business here for a few years and has made money rapidly. He thoroughly understands the tobacco business, and while his numerous friends will regret his departure from this city they will wish him continued prosperity in his new location.

Improving the Boom.

The Pelican Boom Company are making their annual improvements to their property, by building new pockets, strengthening the old and fixing up the channels. One thousand new piles will be driven. Ben Smith has taken the job and is already at it. The piling is cut from E. B. Crofoot's homestead adjoining the lake.

Saw Your Wood Easy.

W. D. Harrigan has purchased a fine power-sawing machine and is ready to set it up in your yard and saw your season's wood at a low figure. 2w

HORSE NOTES.

BY THE HORSE REPORTER.

Not having seen any horse news from our city for some time perhaps a few items on that subject would not be out of place, as we are shaping in horse flesh in quite a promising way.

The first on the list is Web Brown's black mare by Pinery Bay. She is a handsome driver and with no training can show a 50 clip whenever Web asks her. He has a yearling colt from this mare by Woodburn, direct descendant of old Rysdyk's Hambletonian. He is a very promising colt, has a clean open gait. He is being trained by L. Horr.

Next stable I visited was Andy Brown's. In here I found his driver, a fine, big gaited horse, and can at any time haul his top buggy along in 3 minutes with ease.

On my way down town I met Doc. McIndoe with Pacing Dan. Doc. always has him in train and looking for game. And those who hook up with Dan have to jog along faster than 40 or take his snow balls.

Alex. McPhail is driving his three year old filly some this winter. She is a handsome bay, sired by Sir Davis. She is an inbred Hambletonian and very speedy. Alex intends before the season is over to give the best of them a horse race, and his judgment goes.

John O'Brien was in town to-day with his "Sucker" by Lucky Boy. He is a promising youngster and acts like a trotter.

The next stable I visited was V. S. Kelly's. The first stall we looked into contained Jessie, by Allie Clay, six years old; and last summer with two weeks' training turned the Antigo track in 2:50. Alongside of Jessie we found Yankee-Mont by Nut-Mont Dam by Yankee Notion. This colt is six months old and Vane only asks $2,000 for him and says he wouldn't sell him for that unless starvation drove him to the sacrifice. (and he means it I think.) The dam of this colt trotted a race two years ago and necked the winner in 2:25. Lucky Bay full brother to Jessie was sold by Mr. Kelly in the fall to Iowa parties for $600. Reports from there last week say he turned the kite in 30.

On our way back we called in to have a chat with uncle Cal at the livery stable. He took us through and showed us his stock; showed us his span of bay ponies, perfect beauties and well matched.

We then went across to Ball & Schliesman's place and found him ready to talk hoss as usual. He brought out his black mare for inspection, found her without a fault and pronounced her the queen of Rhinelander. He also has an elegant black team, fine steppers and very showy.

On our way from this stable we ran against Mark Mason out for a spree with a recent purchase in the shape of a four-year-old colt. He comes of speed producing stock and by his actions don't intend to throw any discredit on the family.

After leaving Mason we visited Billy Beers' private stables. There we found Jack Lawson smoothing over the hair of his recent importation Robin Hood, by Aurora (1884) by the celebrated Daniel Lambert by Ethan Allen. Daniel Lambert's record as a three year old was 2:26. His service fee for several years was held at $500, yet his books were readily filled. No trotting stallion living or dead has proved his equal as a sire of trotters when we take into consideration the quality of mares bred to him. He has produced upwards of forty sons and daughters with records better than 30. The dam of the colt is Gyp by Membrino Charta, 2:30¼, by Fisk's Membrino Chief, the sire of several who could trot faster than 2:30 and was a trotter himself. He had a saddle record os 2.29¼, private record of 2:26 and a five mile record of 18:52. This colt has a sister one year old trotting better than three minutes, and Jack claims he has the best one the colt ever raised. He is unbroken but shows a fine open stride which is characteristic of all fact trotters. Honest Jim is his stable companion and John thinks while the colt is there he is good company. Little need be said about this ideal family horse—gentleman's driver or race hoss as you call on him. Wallace's Year Book 1890 shows how and where he got his mark of 2:34¼ in the third heat of a hard fought race. Jack opened the box stall and brought Jim out on the floor. We looked him over and found him kind and gentle and a handsome looker. Taking it all in all in our trip around we are surprised at the interest shown in horses and we prophesy that on the completion of our track in the spring there will be many additions to the many fine horses already owned in this place.

WILL HURRY THEM UP.

The Water Reserve Decisions To Come As Fast As Possible.

A despatch from Washington says that Representative Lynch, of this district, had a conference with Land Commissioner Carter recently regarding numerous complaints that have come from the land office in settling contests on water reserve lands that were entered a year ago last December. These contests are generally between "squatters" and regular filers. There are several claimants to every section of land. Many cases were argued as early as last May, and as yet no decision has been reached. This delay is detrimental to all contestants. In nearly every instance the complaints lodged state that the contestants for every tract of land are spending money in making improvements without knowledge as to what the outcome will be. Mr. Lynch has received petitions which include signatures of many people in Wausau asking that he request the general land department to immediately order the settlement on these cases. Commissioner Carter told Mr. Lynch that he would see that these cases are all decided as fast as the machinery of the land department will allow. Instructions to this effect were to-day sent to the officials of the land department

The Review of Reviews

has begun to impress many if not a l of its readers with the idea that it has an unerring instinct in divining the man of the month. This month it finds that David B. Hill is more conspicuous than any other man before the American public, and it proceeds to tell the country at large more about Mr. Hill than has ever been told before. The two character sketches of Mr. Hill in the February number of the Review were evidently written at the latest possible moment, and they bring Mr. Hill quite up to date. The author o the first sketch is Professor Charles A. Collin, of the law department of Cornell University. Mr. Collin is well known as one of the ablest and most promising young lawyers in the state of New York and his intimate association with Governor Hill, as his private legal adviser, is no secret. There can be no doubt whatever, therefore, that Mr. Collin's portrayal of the character and career of Mr. Hill represents precisely what Mr. Hill himself, and his wisest and most intimate friends, would choose to have said in his behalf. Mr. Hill is to-day the foremost candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The country at large knows little about him. Mr. Collin's sketch will therefore be read with curious and eager interest in every portion of the land, and especially in political circles.

The second sketch of Mr. Hill is avowedly by a political opponent, whose name is withheld. Whoever he is, the author writes with a Junius-like vigor, and with an amazingly intimate knowledge of New York politics and of Governor Hills's personal and political career. The editor of the Review of Reviews intimates that while the authorship of the article is not to be disclosed, the article has been prepared by a gentleman as completely qualified to criticise Mr. Hill from the point of view of political opposition as could possibly be named. Illustrations and numerous cartoons add much to the interest of the two sketches.

Christian Literature For the Boys.

Rev. H. A. Buzzell has received from the Kings' Daughters, a large quantity of literature for distribution among the boys in the woods. He is desirous of sending it to any one who wishes the same, and if anyone will hand him the name of a camp foreman who desires some of this literature he will send them a package.

John M. Owens, who has had charge of the electric light station here for some time, has taken the position of superintendent of the Wausau plant. Mr. Owens is a capable man in his business and had no sooner resigned his place here than a representative of the Wausau company came up to secure him. He takes his new position in about two weeks and in the meantime will visit his parents at Cincinnati.

A fine line of music folios at Leonard's.

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NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

THE treasury department has decided that a Chinese woman who marries an American citizen is entitled to admission to the United States.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., has passed a resolution taxing and licensing almost every trade, occupation and profession in that city for municipal revenue.

JULIEN GORDON, otherwise known as Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, weeps profusely and refuses to be comforted when her books are unfavorably criticised by the newspapers.

FILES are now sharpened by electricity. They are immersed in a liquid and the current turned on for twenty minutes, at the end of which time they come out as good as new.

VIRGINIANS are trying to get an appropriation from congress for a monument to Commodore Maurey, the naval and meteorological scientist, to be erected in Hampton Roads.

VALUABLE deposits of coal have been discovered on the Niga islands, on the coast of Alaska. It is said that the coal is virtually inexhaustible in extent, and that cargo lots can be delivered in San Francisco at $4 a ton.

THE banks object to the new half dollars because, owing to the way in which the face on the medallion projects, the coins can not be stacked. If more than a half dozen or so are placed one on another they topple over.

MLLE. ELISE ST. OMER, a French woman of sixty years of age, has started on a tour round the world. She will begin her journey by way of the southern hemisphere, and gather during a leisurely course of travel, statistics for the French Geological Society.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., citizens can live longer in a shorter time than has been generally supposed. In a physician's certificate presented to the Grand Rapids board of health the other day is this entry: "Cause of death, old age; duration of the disease, six days."

BOULQUIN, Belgium's public executioner, who died recently, although drawing a large salary for the discharge of his gruesome official duties, never once chopped off a head, the king pardoning or commuting the sentence of every one condemned to death.

THE United States has in organized shape about 135,000 disciplined men ready to take the field. The forty regiments of the regular army report about 27,000 men for duty. The marine corps has a strength of 2,000. The effective total of the national guard is 106,000 officers and men.

MISS STELLA HOYLE, of Troy, N. Y., promptly arose in a crowded street car recently and gave her seat to a crippled old gentleman who had entered. He asked her name and address, and she has just received from the grateful recipient of her kindness a diamond necklace.

OF the justices who constituted the supreme court of the United States when Justice Bradley became a member but one (Fields) remains. With this exception and that of Harlan, whose accession dates back to 1877, all have been appointed within ten years. It is virtually a new court entering upon a new era.

NEARLY all the petroleum deposits of Southern California are situated in Los Angeles and Ventura counties, and they occupy an area of 250,000 acres. This important product is rapidly becoming one of the most valuable in Southern California, the yield for 1889 aggregating the value of over $1,000,000.

THE most populous congressional district is represented by Capt. James N. Castle, of Minnesota. It is the district embracing St. Paul and Minneapolis, and its population numbers 414,695. This is a larger constituency than the new state of Washington, whose 349,000 people are represented by one member and two senators.

A BILL has been introduced in the Ohio legislature providing that the managers of joint stock companies shall not dispose of a controlling interest in the stock of their companies without giving all stockholders two week's notice of the transfer, and making any sale in violation of this provision void. The object of the bill is to prevent directors from taking an unfair advantage of small stockholders.

DR. LEO PRIBYL says that the Germans and Swedes are utilizing their peat bogs in the manufacture of naphtha, tar, solar oil, paraffin, acetic acid and gas, and the peat yields an elastic fibre, which, freed from dust, is employed for weaving into carpets. Good peat also furnishes a cellulose which is valuable to paper-makers. Besides serving as a wholesome litter for live stock, it is also used to preserve perishable goods. Meat and fish are now packed in peat litter for transport between Trieste and Copenhagen.

A DENVER man has invented a device, by the use of which a fireman may venture into the densest smoke and be assured all the time of a supply of fresh air. The device is based on the discovery that a column of water four inches or less in diameter will, when suddenly reduced to about one-third that size at the nozzle of a pipe, gather with it at that point large quantities of air. Two pipes lead from the nozzle of the fireman's pipe to a rubber mask enveloping the face. Through one passes the fresh air, while the other is used for exhaling the air after it has been breathed.

ALL IS SERENE.

Uncle Sam's Wrath Toward Chili Is Appeased.

The Little Republic Notified That Her Apology Is Accepted—No Demand Made for a Salute of Our Flag.

PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1. — Secretary Blaine has sent a cable message to Minister Egan, instructing him to inform the Chilian government that its proposition for settlement of the difference between the two governments made in response to the ultimatum of the 21st instant, is satisfying to the president of the United States, as indicating a good prospect that the controversy can now be adjusted on terms satisfactory to this government by the usual diplomatic methods. The telegram makes no request or suggestion of any kind whatever for a salute by Chili to the American flag. There was nothing said at Friday's cabinet meeting on this subject, and there is no reason to believe that this government will require such a salute from Chili. It is very possible, however, that Chili will on her own accord perform this graceful act at the termination of the diplomatic adjustment of all difficulties which is now in progress.

The following is the text of the cable message sent by Secretary Blaine accepting Chili's proposition for settlement of the differences between the two governments:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1892.—To Egan, minister, Santiago: I am directed by the president to acknowledge the receipt of Senor Pereira's dispatch of the 25th inst. It has been communicated to congress, and has given great pleasure to the people of the United States and to the executive department, as it restores the correspondence between the two republics to a basis of cordiality and makes, as he believes, a full and honorable adjustment of all unsettled matters easily attainable.

"The president notes with gratification the expressions of regret for the condemnation of the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore, offered by Mr. Pereira, and congratulates the Chilian government upon the frank and ample withdrawal of the Matta circular and upon the spirit of justice displayed towards Minister Egan. You will assure the Chilian government that the president will be glad to meet in the most generous spirit these friendly overtures.

"Believing that the subject of reparation for assault upon the seamen of the Baltimore is now capable of adjustment between the two governments by the usual diplomatic methods the president proposes for the present any discussion of the suggestions made by Senor Pereira as to the use of other methods, not doubting that the sense of justice of Chili will enable the two governments to speedily and honorably make full end of the whole matter. BLAINE."

As to the amount to be paid to the relatives of Riggin and Turnbull, the sailors who were killed, the Chilian government may find, when it comes to investigate the matter, that in several states of the union the enlightened judgment of the people speaking through their legislatures has fixed the limit that may be recovered for damages in case of death at $5,000. In the matter of injury, however, the limit of damages lies within the province of the petit jury. Patrick Shields, the sailor on the Keweenaw, who was also a victim of Chilian violence in Valparaiso, has filed by his attorneys a claim for $50,000 damages, which the attorney asks the state department to collect.

DRANK HER OWN POISON.

A Wife Poisons the Tea and When Accused Drinks It Herself and Dies.

KINGSTON, Ont., Feb. 1.—Mrs. Blackwell, of Wolfestown, Renfrew county, poisoned the tea prepared for a meal, with the intention of taking the lives of her family. Her husband detected the fact that there was something wrong with the tea and accused his wife of having placed poison in it. She denied the accusation, and to prove that the beverage was all right drank a cupful of the tea. She was taken ill in a short time and died before a doctor who was summoned reached her side.

Two Men Killed by Gas.

CHICKASAW, O., Feb. 1.—Caspen Hein was thawing out a gas regulator Friday night when the building in which it was placed took fire. He went to turn the gas off, but turned the wrong valve, allowing it to escape into the house above the well. When he opened the door the gas overcame him and he sank to the floor dead. Henry Keiser came to the rescue and met death in the same way.

Killed Four Horsethieves.

HELENA, Mont., Feb. 1.—The depredations of horsethieves have become so extensive that a gang of citizens has been organized to hunt them down. A few days ago in an encounter four of the thieves were killed. The thieves outnumbered the citizens, and a call for reinforcements has been made. An effort is being made to raise a fund of $20,000 to aid in the campaign.

Graves Gets a New Trial.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 30.—The supreme court of Colorado has granted a supersedeas in the Graves case. Two or possibly three years may elapse before the case reaches its turn upon the docket. Graves will be released on bail.

One More Victim.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 30.—Andrew Stephenson, the colored man who drove the sleigh which, with twenty-one men on board, was wrecked, killing ten of the occupants, at Sarah street crossing on January 19, has become insane.

Sentenced for Life.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 1.—"Tegleg" Eldridge and Bert Curtis, the Rio Grande train robbers, have been sentenced for life to the United States prison at Detroit, the motion for a new trial being overruled.

Lawyers Choose Officers.

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—At the meeting of the State Bar association Friday Lyman Trumbull, of Chicago, was elected president, and W. L. Cross, of Springfield, secretary and treasurer.

An Aged Couple Burned.

EYTON, Pa., Jan. 29.—Samuel Kring, aged 79 years, and his wife, aged 82 years, were burned to death in their home here.

A SCORE LOST.

Wreck of the British Bark Ferndale on the Pacific Coast.

ABERDEEN, Wash., Feb. 1.—The British bark Ferndale, which went ashore 10 miles north of the entrance to Gray's harbor Friday, is now a total wreck about 1 mile off shore and of her crew of twenty-three men all but three sailors are drowned. A terrific gale and exceptionally high tide prevailed at the time. The sea ran higher than was ever before known. When she struck the officers and crew at once prepared to reach shore, but they had little time in which to make their preparations. It was impossible to successfully launch their boats with the tremendous sea running, and although an attempt was made the frail craft were almost immediately swamped.

Nothing was left for the crew to do but to lash themselves to the yards and broken pieces of masts. Soon after the sea broke over the stranded ship and several of the crew were washed away. The last man to leave the deck was Capt. Blair. Three of the seamen reached the shore on pieces of drift and the body of the mate was afteward picked up on the sandy beach incased in a life-preserver, but no trace of the others could be found. The Ferndale was a new vessel and was on her first trip to the coast. It was also the first visit of Capt. Blair to this coast. The vessel was worth about $90,000.

CHANCE FOR ANOTHER WAR.

A British Ship Boldly Defies the Laws of the United States.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 1.—About 3 o'clock Sunday the big three-mast schooner Glendon, of St. John, N. B., sailed into this harbor with the British jack floating from her mizzen. In direct violation of the American law, which provides that a foreign ensign must be accompanied by the stars and stripes, the fore and main masts were destitute of bunting.

As the vessel sailed up the harbor the British flag was perceived by people on the docks, and as the vessel passed the Three Bridges the abutments were black with excited men, who greeted the British flag with hisses, mingled with cries of "Haul it down," and "Shoot it." Capt. Trowbridge, of the schooner, drew a pistol and swore he would shoot the first man who laid hands on the halyards.

When the vessel finally reached her berth at Swords wharf, which is just in the rear of the Fourth regiment armory, there were over 1,000 men on the wharf. They were joined by a few armed militiamen from the armory, who attempted to tear down the flag. They were driven off at the revolver's muzzle by the crew. An American flag was then hoisted on an adjoining schooner and greatly cheered. The British flag still floats, but will be forcibly removed to-day.

HOOTED BY A MOB.

Ungracious Treatment Accorded William O'Brien by Parnellites.

DUBLIN, Feb. 1.—William O'Brien arrived at Thurles, county Tipperary, Saturday. While on his way from the railway station to the Episcopal palace, the residence of Archbishop Croke, he was recognized by a number of Parnellites, who followed him. They were joined by others, until finally Mr. O'Brien was surrounded by a menacing crowd, who kept him company to the very gates of the palace. He was hooted and jeered and all manner of epithets were hurled at him. Some of the mildest terms of reproach addressed to him were "renegade" and "murderer," and between the insults the crowd amused themselves by cheering for John E. Redmond, who defeated Michael Davitt, the McCarthyite leader, at the recent parliamentary election at Waterford, and for other prominent Parnellites.

CHILDREN CRUSHED.

Fred and Rosa Keegan, of St. Paul, Killed by an Electric Car.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 1.—Saturday morning an electric car on the Rice street and West St. Paul line ran over two children named Fred and Rosa Keegan and both were killed almost instantly. The children were running across the street and the car was coming at full speed. Before the motorman could stop the car the children were directly in front of it and in an instant were under the wheels.

More War in Kentucky.

MANCHESTER, Ky., Jan. 30.—The Hensley-Desaun feud has broken out afresh. John Hensley was being tried for the murder of James Desaun, and the factions were on hand. A battle followed. Marion Herd, a brother of the judge, was killed, and John Hocker, who was guarding Hensley, was fatally wounded. Several others were also wounded.

Five Men Killed.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Jan. 29.—Engine 956 on the Frackville branch of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad exploded with terrible results at this place at 8:30 o'clock Thursday morning, killing the entire crew. The killed are: Paul Napoleon, Harry Strants, Jacob Turney, William Winterstein and Joseph Zeigler.

Not a Good Law.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Jan. 30.—The Iowa law against alien ownership was declared unconstitutional in the district court here Thursday. A year ago Ralph Heath died, leaving heirs in Ireland. Judge Waterman ruled that the rights of these aliens were fully secured by existing treaties, and that the law was void.

Five Missionaries Murdered.

NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Advices from the Congo Free State say that five American missionaries were murdered by natives at Boma. Seven native converts met a like fate, and the mission buildings were burned.

Garza Crosses Into Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 30.—Garza, it is said, has crossed over into Mexico with a force of about 5,000 men. It is claimed that he will soon have three-quarters of the population on his side.

OUR LAW-MAKERS.

Fifty-Second Session of the National Congress.

A Daily Summary of the Proceedings in the Senate and House—Bills Passed and New Measures Introduced.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Senator Hawley introduced a bill in the senate yesterday to establish a military post near Helena, Mont. The house bill for the completion of the allotment of lands to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians was passed. The finance committee reported favorably a bill providing for an international and bimetallic commission.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—A resolution was adopted in the senate yesterday asking the president for information relating to the non-acceptance of Henry W. Blair as United States minister to China. The Mexican award bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—In the senate yesterday a message was received from the president transmitting the additional correspondence in the Chilian matter. Mr. Hale spoke at length upon the benefits of reciprocity, after which an adjournment was taken to February 1.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—A joint resolution removing the political disabilities of John R. E. Tatnall was passed in the house yesterday. Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, introduced a resolution calling on the president for further Chilian correspondence, if any, which was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—In the house yesterday a bill was introduced providing that all oleomargarine transported into any state or territory shall be subject to the laws thereof. Mr. Watson (Ga.) laid down the principles of the Farmers' Alliance party. Debate on the new rules closed the session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—A bill was passed in the house yesterday to punish blackmailing by a fine of $1,000 or imprisonment for one year. The proposed new rules were discussed at length.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—In the house, on Saturday, the time was mostly occupied in discussing the proposed new rules, but no action was taken. Eulogies upon the life of the late Congressman Houk, of Tennessee, were delivered. A bill was introduced to authorize the government to erect post office buildings in places of more than 3,000 inhabitants, the cost of the buildings to be not less than $6,000 nor more than $50,000. In the second stories of the buildings there shall be public libraries. The secretary of the treasury is authorized to issue United States legal tender notes to pay for the work done not to exceed $100,000,000 per year.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Frank Schneider and His Wife Convicted of Murder at Vienna.

VIENNA, Jan. 30.—Frank Schneider and his wife Rosalie, charged with having decoyed eight young women from their homes on the pretext of employing them as servants and then murdering them for the sake of their money and effects, have been sentenced to death. Schneider was also accused of assaulting the murdered girls before choking them to death. Mrs. Schneider, after her husband had assaulted and strangled the girls, helped to drag their bodies into a neighboring wood, where she stripped them of their clothing.

BOTH GIRLS INDICTED.

True Bills Found Against Alice Mitchell and Lillie Johnson at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 1.—The grand jury reported a true bill against Alice Mitchell and Lillie Johnson, charging them with the murder of Freda Ward. The indictment of Miss Johnson is a surprise, as she did nothing more than to accompany Miss Mitchell to the courthouse in a buggy. A member of the jury says, however, that she was aware of the Mitchell girl's intention. The two culprits will be arraigned next Monday.

Death of a Wisconsin Pioneer.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., Jan. 30.—Gen. John W. Boyd died at his home near this city Thursday morning. He was born in Charlton, Saratoga county, New York, September 15, 1811, and settled in Wisconsin in 1844. He was a member of the first constitutional convention of this state and was commissioned major general of the militia of the territory by Gov. Dodge. He was also a member of the first state senate and served during the sessions of 1848 and 1849, and was again elected in 1858 as state senator for the term of two years.

To Establish a Large Sheep Ranch.

CRESTON, Ia., Jan. 30. The largest real estate transaction ever recorded in this county was made Thursday, whereby John Gibson, president of the Iowa state savings bank, sold his farm of 1,500 acres, 3 miles east of this city, for $50,000. Dorn Bros., of Des Moines are the purchasers, and they will establish here in the near future the largest sheep ranch in Iowa.

Verdict Involving $1,000,000.

BOISE, Idaho, Jan. 29.—In the United States circuit court, in the case of Tyler against Last Chance Mining Company, the jury has returned a verdict in favor of the defendants. The property involved is valued at $1,000,000. The case will be appealed.

The Failure Record.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 279, as compared with totals of 328 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 230.

Father and Children Cremated.

GREENVILLE, Ga., Jan. 30.—By the burning of a house here Tandy Young and his two children, aged 2 and 6 years, were burned to death. Mrs. Young escaped.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending Feb. 1.

Flames swept away the business portion of Milan, Mo.

The Butler county bank at Chicora, Pa., failed with liabilities of $60,000.

An organized gang of expert counterfeiters are flooding Ohio with spurious coin.

For the tenth time within the past year an attempt was made to set fire to Burlington, Ia.

The Fall River county bank at Oelrichs, S. D., closed its doors with liabilities of about $20,000.

Four men at Thompsons, Tex., captured and hanged Joe Shields to a tree Friday. No cause is known.

It is said that a man named Burdette and his wife and two children froze to death recently in Oklahoma.

Andrew Borjessen was hanged at Litchfield, Conn., for the murder of his sweetheart, Emma Anderson.

Large numbers of cattle and horses were said to be dying in the hills of southern Idaho from lack of food.

April 20 has been selected as the date for holding the Pennsylvania republican state convention at Harrisburg.

At Vienna the Schneiders, man and wife, convicted of murdering and robbing eight servant girls, were sentenced to death.

Succi, the faster, abandoned his attempt to go without food for fifty-two days at London. He had fasted forty-four days.

Bob Jones and Lee Davis, members of the Parton faction, were waylaid and killed by Perry Turner and his men near Pineville, Ky.

The experiment of enlisting California Indians in the United States army, so far as put to test, has not turned out to be a success.

Chauncey M. Depew gave a dinner in New York in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the Vanderbilt lines.

Henry Dowd, alias "The Slasher," who committed several murders in New York, was acquitted on the grounds of insanity and sent to an asylum.

In a fight between moonshiners and officers at Mount Pleasant, Pa., five men were arrested and jailed at Pittsburgh and one officer wounded.

Thomas Thompson (colored) was hanged at Charlestown, Md., for the murder on the night of August 22, 1881, of William Adams, also colored.

Gen. Henry A. Barnum, a port warden of New York city and one of the most distinguished veterans of the late war, died of pneumonia, aged 59 years.

The distillery of George Dengler near Reading, Pa., has been seized for alleged violation of the revenue laws. The distillery contained 452 gallons of apple brandy.

At Wheeling, W. Va., Richard Christian, aged 20, murdered his father because he called him up to build a fire. The murdered man was the father of eighteen children.

At a sheriff's sale at Fort Madison, Wis., a farm of 118 acres, situated near the city, was sold for $11,318. This is the last of a $100,000 fortune left to J. H. Bacon in 1882, which has been spent in a worthless manner.

The gold excitement in Colorado Springs, Col., has reached a fever heat, and many valuable claims have been located at Green Mountain Falls. Prospectors are also flocking to the Garden of the Gods, where several important finds are reported.

The existence of coal in Buchanan county, Ia., in paying quantities is firmly believed by a great many. A company known as the Taylor & Fleming Mining Company has been formed to lease land and mine coal. Thorough prospecting will begin at once.

Died from the Effects of a Beating.

PETOSKEY, Mich., Feb. 1.—Elmer B. Husted, the mill owner who was assaulted by Swedish laborers Thursday night, died Saturday. Husted was attacked while coming out of his barn and badly beaten about the head. Charles Carson, Alfred Brown and Ralph Saunders have been arrested for the crime.

Heavy Damages for His Injuries.

LYNN, Mass., Feb. 1.—Arthur B. Johnson, a lineman of the Edison General Electric Company who was thrown from a trolley wagon by a breaking wire to the ground and permanently hurt, has settled for $13,500. This is believed to be the largest sum ever paid for personal injuries in this vicinity.

Musgrave Convicted.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Jan. 30.—B. R. Musgrave, of this city, who attempted to swindle insurance companies by burning a log cabin containing a skeleton, was convicted yesterday and sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and to be confined in the penitentiary ten years.

Minister and Bank Robber.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 30.—Alexander Leed, the aged minister and bank robber, from Auglaize county, has been brought to the state prison. In 1854 he was sent to prison here for obstructing a railroad. His serial number, then 3,019, is now 22,039. He is 70 years old.

Fate of a Family.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 1.—While the family of R. V. Burnett were en route from Missouri to the Potiawatamie reservation in this territory they were overtaken with the grip, and Mr. Burnett, his wife and two children died from the effects of the disease.

Dug Up a Fortune.

WELLINGTON, Kan., Feb. 1.—John W. Wise, a grandson of John Wise, deceased, while digging for the foundation of a new structure on the farm on which the old man died in this (Sumner) county, found $35,000 which had been secreted a dozen years.

Under the Wheels.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Jan. 30.—Dougal McDonald, superintendent of construction of the Northern Pacific and a railroad man of prominence, slipped in jumping off a train at Brule and fell under the wheels. He was instantly killed and horribly mangled.

DEATH OF SPURGEON.

The Famous Baptist Divine Gone to His Reward.

After Months of Patient Suffering He Passes Away at Mentone—A Sketch of His Remarkable Career.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

MENTONE, Feb. 1.—Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon died at 11:20 Sunday night. His end was painless and he remained in the unconscious condition to which he had dropped to the last. His wife, Dr. Fitzheary and Mrs. Thorne were present when he died.

Mr. Spurgeon passed a very restless night and his condition Sunday morning gave cause for serious anxiety, though he was able to take a small quantity of milk as nourishment. As the day passed on his condition became critical. At 3 o'clock p. m. he was unconscious and at 6 o'clock he was still in the same condition and weaker. He did not recognize his wife and refused to take food which had to be administered by force. Mr. Spurgeon's body will be taken to England for burial. Mrs. Spurgeon is bearing her affliction bravely.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834, was educated at Colchester, Maidstone and elsewhere, and became usher in a school at Newmarket. Having adopted Baptist views, he joined the congregation which was presided over by Robert Hall at Cambridge, and it was here, while still a school-teacher, that he preached his first sermon, which was listened to with remarkable interest by his auditors who were assembled in a tiny chapel. His services were eagerly sought after this and he became widely known as the "boy preacher." When only 17 Mr. Spurgeon accepted the pastorate of a Baptist church at Waterbeach, whence he removed to the New Park street chapel, Southwark, London.

Mr. Spurgeon first preached before a London congregation in 1853 with so much success that before two years had elapsed it became necessary to enlarge the building, pending which alteration he officiated for four months at Exeter hall. The enlargement of the chapel in Park street, however, proved insufficient, and hearers multiplied with such rapidity that it became expedient to engage the Surrey music hall, and Mr. Spurgeon's followers determined to build a suitable edifice for their services. Two years later in 1861 the Metropolitan tabernacle was opened and there Mr. Spurgeon has since preached every Sunday to congregations averaging 6,000 people.

Among other institutions connected with Mr. Spurgeon's church and established by him are the Stockwell orphanage, founded in 1867, and accommodating about 400 children a year; the Pastors' college, founded in 1856, which has educated over 900 men, of whom most are actively engaged as pastors, missionaries, evangelists, or in some department of the Lord's work; the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colporterage association, which has about seventy or eighty agents in different parts of the country, who, in addition to other services, sell pure literature in the course of the year to the amount of $50,000. A "Book Fund," carried on in Mr. Spurgeon's house and superintended by him, has in ten years supplied indigent ministers of various denominations free of cost with over 15,000 volumes. Mr. Spurgeon also carried on a society for evangelists at home and another mission work in North Africa. His church has about thirty mission halls and schools affiliated with it. In 1870 Mr. Spurgeon received a "silver wedding testimonial" of over $30,000, and in 1884, on attaining his 50th year, another sum of $25,000 was presented to him. Mr. Spurgeon kept little of what was so generously given him; every cent he could spare went for charity.

SHOOK THE WHOLE TOWN.

Explosion of 5,000 Pounds of Dynamite Wrecks a Factory Near Cahokia, Ill.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 1.—Cahokia, a village 4 miles south of East St. Louis, was the scene of great excitement at 4 a. m. Saturday. The people were awakened by a dull, heavy sound, followed by the trembling of the earth, and without dressing themselves the residents rushed from their dwellings in great alarm. No repetition of the shock followed and the shivering residents sought their beds. At 7 a. m. it was learned that the Camile Droit dynamite factory, 1 mile south of Cahokia, had been blown up. The explosion is attributed to spontaneous combustion. No one was killed. Five thousand pounds of dynamite was exploded, wrecking everything in the neighborhood of the factory and digging a deep hole in the ground.

Eighteen Miles on an Ice Cake.

STURGEON BAY, Wis., Feb. 1.—The seven fishermen who drifted out on an ice-floe were rescued after being afloat for forty-eight hours. They were all right. The ice on which six of the men took refuge stuck on a sandbar and they were taken off by a rowboat. One man drifted to Cedar river, a distance of 18 miles, on a cake of ice.

Money Burned in a Bed.

MARENGO, Ill., Feb. 1.—Fire destroyed the house and barns on the farm occupied by Charles Leonhardt and owned by Prof. S. N. Williams, of Cornell college, 8 miles from here. Thirteen horses were burned and all the farm implements. In the house concealed in a bed was $1,700 in bills, which was also burned.

Severe Floods in Scotland.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—Severe floods prevail in the Scottish highlands owing to a thaw, which has melted enormous quantities of snow and ice in the mountains. A part of the city of Perth, which lies on the right bank of the river Tay, is inundated, and in many portions of the country the railways have been flooded.

Garza Sues for Pardon.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 1.—It is reported that Garza has begged for pardon from President Diaz, offering to betray his followers. It is stated that Garza will be here shortly with the intention of arranging the matter. Several of Garza's lieutenants are petitioning for pardon.

Stole $20,000.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 1.—John L. Ferguson, the clerk of the National bank of Kansas City, who embezzled nearly $20,000 of the bank's money, pleaded guilty to two indictments and was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary.

Will End His Days in Jail.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Feb. 1.—H. H. Winans, the wealthy farmer, politician and church deacon, convicted of burglary and arson, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

[N]EW NORTH.

[Issued Thu]rsday of each week by

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....Paul Browne
....J. Jewel.

[CHURCHE]S & SOCIETIES.

[Congrega]tional Church.
[...]nday at 10:45 A. M., Son[...] and regular service at 8:30 [imme]diately after morning ser[vice].

[Catho]lic Church.
[S]unday: Mass services at [...] school every Sunday at [...] every alternate Sunday at [RE]V. FATHER JULY, Pastor,

[Method]ist Church.
[...]y at 10:30 A. M., Song Ser[vice] [and] regular service 8:00 P. M. [...]n. m., after morning ser[vice] [RE]V. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor

[Lu]theran Church.
[...]onth. Also Sunday school. [R]EV. J. DEJUNG, Pastor

[Ch]urch Calendar.
[SU]NDAY.
[...]rmon.............11:00 a. m.
[...]...........12:00 m.
[...]ce.............6:45 p. m.
[...]rmon.............7:30 p. m.
[TU]ESDAY,
[...]ng..............7:30 p. m.
[TH]URSDAY.
[...]...............7:30 p. m,
All are welcome.

[G.] A. R.
[P]OST, No. 232. Regular [...] Tuesday evenings of each [...]n's block.
L. J. BILLINGS, Adjt.

[I.] O. F.
[...] 48. Regular meeting at [...]y evening.
F. A. Hilderbrand, N G

[WOODMEN] [...]OWS' CAMP.
[...]MENT, No. 18. Meets [...]ay of each month. [...]urch. R Bastian, scribe

[F.] & A. M.
[LO]DGE, No. 242, meets first [...]ys in every month in the [...]
W. W. Fry, W. M.

[K.] OF P.
[...]3. Holds regular meet[ings] in opera house block. [...]S. J. R. Snyder, C. C. [...] every Wednesday night.

[S.] OF V.
[...]o. 95, Wisconsin Division [...] Meets at G. A. R. hall [...]hursday evenings of each [...]ers always welcome.
W. W. Carr, Capt.

[...] OF W.
[W]isconsin. Meeting last [...]onth at 4 p. m., at Good [...]
[...] J. N. Kennan' Treas.

[PROFES]SIONAL.

[...MC]CORMICK,
[...Attorney]-at-Law,
[...]oked after.
[...] National Bank.

[...]ES,
[...]-at-Law,
[...]ER, WIS.
[...]tly attended to.
[...]ought.

[...]at-Law,
[...] to homestead [...]ontests.
[...]ER, WIS.

[...]tl-Law,
[...]ER, WIS.

[...] Counselor
[...]R, WIS.

[...] Surgeon
[W]ISCONSIN.

[...] D. S.
[...]rlors,
[...]uilders.

[...] Surgeon.
[...] Block.
WISCONSIN.

[...] H. P. PADLEY
[...] & Padley,

No. 6 Gospel Hymn Book at Leonard's.

Pomona Fruit Juice Tablet Candy at Leonard's.

Toilet paper 10c per roll or package at Leonard's.

E. O. Brown was at Milwaukee and Chicago last week.

Mrs. Geo. Whitney returned to her home at Antigo Tuesday.

Arthur Peterson, of Antigo, was in our city last Friday.

"The Garston Bigamy" by Albert Ross at Leonard's Book Store.

Legal blanks at Leonard's. All kinds in quires or by the single blank.

The Lake Shore road will sell ticket to St. Paul via. Ashland for $7.05.

Miss Mary Wylie, of Antigo, attended the Ryder-Savage nuptials in this city yesterday.

Geo. Langley was in town yesterday. He reports logging at Woodboro as progressing finely.

The Chinese New Year, which occurred last week, was not observed to any great extent in Rhinelander.

The Knights of Pythias gave a very pleasant card party last evening. About thirty couple thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Tom Landers, E. S. Hunter, Jack Cotter and Ed. Anderson, of Merrill, all of them interested in logging up this way were in town yesterday.

Fred Langlois and Miss Eda Balch were married at the parsonage by Father July last Tuesday evening. The newly wedded couple are keeping house in the Godbold residence.

Be sure and go to the M. E. church on Monday evening (Feb. 8) and hear the fine musical program, consisting of violin, cornet and guitar solos as well as the best vocal talent in the city.

A. Simansky has gone to the eastern markets to purchase a fine line of spring goods. Announcement of his return will be made with quotations of numerous bargains secured.

Roman Wazincke will open a saloon in the Opera House block next week. New furniture and fixtures have been ordered and the place will be fitted up in first-class shape.

Hugh Rodgers, of Tomahawk, came near duplicating his drive from Tomahawk and also came near killing one of his horses. It went on a strike here and refused to go any further.

The Wisconsin and Chippewa railroad is what Bradley has named his short line from Tomahawk to the Soo line. Trains have commenced running, connections being made with every regular Soo passenger train.

Wausau is after the Marinette and Western railway. A line has been surveyed from Marinette to Abbottsford via Merrill, and now the engineers are running another survey through Wausau.

Wausau Central: R. V. Day and family will in the spring move to Rhinelander, where Mr. Day will have charge of the lumber interests of Day Bros. Wausau very much regrets to lose this family, but what is this city's loss is Rhinelander's gain.

M. J. O'Rielly has been on the sick list for several days, but is now able to be about. He will start out on a missionary trip soon for the Brown Bros.' Lumber Co. With their full stock and his acquaintance with the trade the shipments from their yard are likely to increase.

Resolutions Passed:

At a special meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational Church, held at the residence of Mrs. S. S. Miller, January 28, 1892, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Great Father of all, in His inscrutable Providence, has seen fit to send upon our dear friend, neighbor, and co-worker, Mrs. Geo. Jenkinson this terrible affliction in the loss of a beloved daughter.

WHEREAS this community has lost a bright social spirit, ever ready with pleasant smile, word and deed, to forward all good works, whereas the church to which she has ever given aid and encouragement, the choir where in times past, her pure, sweet voice was often heard, will never cease to miss and mourn her. Therefore be it

RESOLVED that we do tender to this friend and family and sorrowing husband of the deceased, our deep love and sympathy, praying that the dear Father, in His infinite love and mercy, will send them His own sweet peace and comfort, and at last bring [th]em all, a united band, to that [br]ight home above where we do sud[de]nly come to the Gates of the East. [An]d the morning once more and there the dawn of a day which is cloud[les]s, we find our lost loves to lose [th]em no more forever.

RESOLVED that a copy of these [res]olutions be sent to the members [...], one to each of [...] [a]lso appear up-

PURE DRINKING WATER.

A Filter As a Preventive of Disease.

Probably more sickness is the result, directly or indirectly, of drinking impure water than of any one other cause.

Stagnant water, to which a great deal of city well water may be compared, is the most to be feared. The city well water should be shunned as so much deadly poison unless it be boiled or properly filtered to render it fit for drinking purposes. Your own and your neighbor's out-houses, the chicken coops, slop holes, and sewers, are but a few feet from your well and are constantly discharging their filth into it. To be sure the piles don't seem to leave the surface, but the drainings, essence of filth as it were, permeates the ground for rods around ere they reach the depth of the bottom of your well. Perhaps some of your neighbors have diphtheria or typhoid fever. These diseases are two of the most common and to be dreaded; and the spread if not the origin o both is due to improper hyegenic surroundings.

DIPHTHERIA

is always more or less prevalent at this time of year. It is a disease of childhood, and most of its victims are between the ages of two and seven years. A typical case begins with a general loss of tone lasting from two to five days. The throat is dry and hot and there may be nausea and diarrhoea. Then a yellowish secretion forms on one or both tonsils, finally becomes opaque of a grayish white color, and extends over the throat and air passages generally. If the case is going to result favorably there is usually some change for the better before the end of the second week. Often there is improvement, and then a sudden relapse carries away the patient. Death is usually the result of heart failure, blood poisoning, or strangulation.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious, and during an epidemic social position is no safeguard. Bad drainage and polluted water are the most common methods of transmission. Milk of diseased cows is a dangerous source of the disease, for all domestic animals are subject to it, and this explains the origin of many obscure cases. A diphtheria siege is placed on a house, but the cat and dog, more dangerous than the proprietor, are allowed to run at will. There is no specific for the disease. Attention to the general health and local applications are the approved methods of treatment. Inhaling steam and vapor of turpentine and many other applications are common.

TYPHOID FEVER

is not strictly a contagious disease as generally understood. It is not transmissable directly from an affected person to another. The germs must undergo some change outside of the affected person to become contagious. As small pox, to become harmless, has to undergo propagation outside of a person, so typhoid fever, to become dangerous, must undergo outside propagation. Out-houses, cess pools, and sewers are the favorite breeding places of typhoid fever germs, and from these they filter into wells. In soft, porous, sandy soil it is difficult to imagine how far they might travel before reaching the bottom of a well. There is danger with a case anywhere within two or three blocks and sometimes at greater distance.

Rich and poor alike are subject to it, but only where the air or water is contaminated. The patient feels as if he was going to be sick. There is general depression, grumbling headache, and increase of temperature the first week. On the seventh to twelfth day a characteristic eruption appears. Headache abates and delirium comes on. If the case is to terminate favorably improvement is gradual.

Unquestionably water is the greatest carrier and a great originator of all diseases. What then can be done to render it harmless? There are but two practicable methods: the water must be boiled or filtered. The latter method is by far the best in case a reliable filter is at hand. Porcelain filters are conceded to be the only reliable ones. The Pasteur-Chamberland filter is now extensively used. It is the invention of Dr. Louis Pasteur, the eminent Frenchman, of Hydrophobia microbe fame, and has been adopted in all departments of the French government. Charcoal filters are now acknowledged to be no protection against disease germs. Boiling is sure but gives the water a heavy and unpleasant taste. But whether you use well water or hydrant water boil or filter it before drinking. If you do neither, and have a choice, use hydrant water in preferance to well water. The latter is liable to be dangerous especially during a thaw, as the water runs through marshes and swamps, and all sorts of filth is discharged into it; but owing to the great volume there is less danger than in well water.

Valentines at Leonard's.

A fine [...] music folios at Leon-

ONE OF THE SECRETS

Of a Cook's success is in having proper Stove Furniture. There's no excuse for being without it when all kinds of tinware and cooking utensils are sold as cheap as we are unloading them. Granite ware is both cheap and attractive. We have it, and can show you good goods in every department. Call and see, if you want to save money.

M. H. GREENLY, Rhinelander, Wis

Newgate Prison.

Rev. C. C. Campbell, of Antigo, will deliver the next lecture of the Congregational course, on Tuesday evening, February 9. His subject will be "Old Newgate Prison." The many interesting facts connected with this old government bastile will certainly prove of interest to all who may listen to their recital. Mr. Campbell is a speaker of acknowledged ability and should be greeted by a good sized audience. Those not holding season tickets can secure tickets at 25 cents each.

Saw Your Wood Easy.

W. D. Harrigan has purchased a fine power-sawing machine and is ready to set it up in your yard and saw your season's wood at a low figure. 2w

A Warning—Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or physchological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your statements possess a clarified consiseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. In trying to impress upon others the superiority of the Wisconsin Central Lines, the direct route to and from Chicago, Milwaukee and points east and South, and Ashland, Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all points north and west, and why you and so many others use this thoroughfare. It is not necessary to use jaw-breakers. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, psittaceous vacuity, shun double entendres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, naturally, sensibly and truthfully say the Wisconsin Central THE route, and that ends it.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 10, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on January 28, 1892, viz:

John Bowley H. E. No. 6179, for Lot 7, Sec. 36, Township 37 North of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Lewis Larsen, Antoine Toussant, Oscar L. Frazier and John Bowley 2nd, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

6wdec17-jan27 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 11, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on January 22, 1892, viz:

Thomas M. Himes, H. E. No. 6513, for the NE¼ Sec. 35, Township 37 N. of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said lands, viz:

Oscar L. Frazier, David L. Anderson, Peter Seibel and Wm. H. Kaiser all of Rhinelander. Wis.

w6-dec18-jan21 E. B. SANDERS, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., January 19, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis., on March 17, 1892, viz:

Moses Longtine H. E. No. 6191, for the Lot 10, Sec. 25, Township 37 North, Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Antoine Toussaint, of Woodford, Wis., Frank Abbot, of woodruff, wis., John Bowley, of Pelican, wis. John Lahy, of Rhinelander, wis.

6w-jan21-mr3 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 29 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the circuit court, at Rhinelander, Wis. on February 20, 1892, viz:—Schuyler A. Brown. Homestead E No. 65[...], for Lots 1 and 5 and the NW¼ SE¼ Sec 30, and lot 1, Sec 31, Tp 37, N. R 9, E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Archie Seivwright, Charles Woodcock, Matt H. Langley and Manuel Hugenot, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6w Dec 31-Feb20

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., Dec. 28, 30, 1891

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on the 10th day of February, 1892, viz:

Charles Reif H. E. No. 5[...]1, for the NE¼ Sec. 30, Township 36 North, Range 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Oswald Rahricht, Ele La Go, James Young and James Quenen, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

6wDec31-feb1 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau Wis., Dec. 30, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on February 20, 1892, viz:

George [...]. Lyons, H. E. No. 6515 for the S-W¼ SW¼ Sec. 36, T. 37, E. East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz.

Felix Dolan, John Charles, Ed Young, and O. H. McGlachlin, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

6w Dec31-Feb. 2[...] E. B. SANDERS, Register.

JOHNSON & COMPANY,

Have the Largest, Best and Most Thoroughly Complete Stock of

Lumbermen's · Clothing

In the city, which will be sold at prices as low as any dealer's.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

The Giant Sleigh Manfg. Co.

—Manufacturers of—

Wagons and Sleighs.

General Blacksmithing

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer.

GO TO—

BRADY'S NORTH SIDE STORE

FOR BARGAINS IN

Dry Goods, - -

Groceries, Boots Shoes,

And General Merchandise.

RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

D. L. JENKISON & CO.,

The Leaders in Jewelry.

Hampden Movements a Specialty.

The Best Bargains in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry to be found in the City of Rhinelander.

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

THE PRETTY ARTIST.

A Girl Who Insisted on Having Her Own Way.

Mrs. Barbara Best was one of the sweetest, most peculiar old ladies in the world. To begin with, she was very rich. That in itself was, perhaps, not so much of a peculiarity. But, then, she was spare and crooked and withered up like a crab apple which has hung too long on the tree, and she wore a little black satin cape and a cap trimmed with ribbon bows, such as were in fashion half a century ago, and she walked with a gold-headed cane, a la Fairy Godmother; and her eyes sparkled weirdly through gold spectacles, and her hands were covered with little knitted silk mitts. And as she sat by her drawing-room fire, drinking chocolate and talking with another witch-like little old woman, they made a very funny pair indeed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Barbara, nodding her head, "I couldn't endure it any longer. I told her she must either give up me or give up her everlasting dabbling in paint and varnish!"

"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Fanshaw, the second witch-like little old woman. "A trifle more sugar in my chocolate, please, dear."

"For my part," observed Mrs. Barbara, "I don't know what the world is coming to. In *my* time, we used to leave that sort of work to the tradespeople. But Gladys had an odd notion about independence. And she inherited some of that artist-blood from her father's family. There's none of it in the Bests, I'm very sure."

"No, to be sure, not," said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"And I told Gladys plainly that I would not tolerate it," said Mrs. Barbara. "Choose between us," said I. "*Be* a lady or a grubbing artist, whichever suits you best. Because," said I, "if you don't consult my wishes I shall disinherit you and cast you off! I know of another young relation whom I can adopt, and who cares no more for art than I do for the Egyptian obelisk."

"And what did she say?" asked Mrs. Fanshaw, contendedly sipping her chocolate.

"She told me to do just as I pleased," answered Mrs. Barbara, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "Because, she said, *she* intended to take the same privilege."

"What shocking ingratitude!" commented Mrs. Fanshaw, heaving a deep sigh.

"Of course we parted good friends," said Mrs. Barbara. "But Gladys knows very well that I never shall see her again. If she has wrecked her own fortunes, she has only herself to thank for it."

"And where is she now?" asked Mrs. Fanshaw.

"In a studio, somewhere on Sixth avenue," solemnly answered Mrs. Barbara. "With a sign out: 'Art Salesroom,' and 'Painting and Decorating Done to Order.'"

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Fanshaw.

And, by way of answer, Mrs. Barbara only groaned.

"But I like Lovel very well," she added. "He's a splendid young fellow, although I sometimes find his college bills high and his flow of spirits rather overwhelming. But he's a gentleman. A real Best!"

"Does he know about Gladys?" Mrs. Fanshaw asked, in a mysterious whisper.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Barbara, "there is just enough of the Don Quixote about him to make him go to sea or take to verse-writing or some other preposterous business if he thought he was standing between Gladys and her fortune—which he isn't!" Mrs. Barbara added, with emphasis. "The money is mine, to leave to whom I please, and he is just as near a relation on the side of the Bests as Gladys is on the Maitlands!"

"Dear, dear, how silly young folks are!" said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"All I want them to know is that I am not to be trifled with," said Mrs. Barbara, with the air of a Nero, in black satin and little corkscrew curls.

In truth Mr. Lovel Best was a very frank, loyal-natured, handsome young fellow. He liked Aunt Barbara because Aunt Barbara was kind to him, but he rallied her to her face, teased her parrot, made her pug bark, laughed at the stiff old portraits of the dead-and-gone Bests, that hung on the parlor walls, and kept astonishing her perpetually. But all the time Aunt Barbara knew that Lovel was fond of her in his heart, and it warmed her chill old pulses to hug this knowledge to her!

"He's a wild chap," she said to herself; "but he'll come out all right. The Bests always do, when they have had their fling. He has none of Gladys' obstinacy about him."

And Gladys? Well, that headstrong young votary of art lived on the least possible amount of money, and dreamed rapturously over her sketching-board. She had a very little money, which her mother had bequeathed her—about sufficient to rent the little studio and pay the gas and fuel bills.

"As for eating and drinking, what does that signify?" said Gladys.

So she taught a class daily in Miss Mincher's academy, to furnish the bread-and-cheese part of the business; and very tedious work she found it.

"But I shall sell some of my plaques and vases soon," said she, hopefully.

She did not, however. To be a successful artist, one must have an appreciative public, and the public never came near poor Gladys Maitland. In vain she decorated the doorpost with signs; in vain she put out her prettiest paintings and most spirited sketches; nobody came to buy. The agencies represented themselves as overcrowded when Gladys came blushing in with specimens of her work, and our little heroine began to wonder how long this sort of thing was to endure.

"Even Rosa Bonheur didn't get rich all at once," she comforted herself by reflecting.

But one day there came a gleam of hope athwart the Cimmerian darkness of her prospects. As she was working at her easel footsteps stumbled up the semi-lighted stairs, and a knock sounded at the door.

"Is this Miss Maitland's studio?" demanded a cheerful voice.

"Why," cried Gladys, drawing a quick breath, "why, Lovel!"

"It's Gladys!" exclaimed Lovel.

For the young cousins had met once years ago at the seaside, and they never had forgotten one another.

"Why," cried Lovel, rubbing his forehead as if not quite certain but that he was dreaming, "I thought you were adopted by some rich woman here in the city!"

"Art is the only mother that I know," Gladys answered, laughing. "I hope you've brought me an order, Lovel."

"But, I say," persisted the bewildered law-student, "why don't you come and live with Aunt Barbara?"

"Oh, I've tried that," said Gladys, shaking her head, "and we couldn't get along at all together."

"Speaking of Aunt Barbara," said Lovel, mysteriously, opening a paper pared on the table—"behold!"

Half-a-dozen bits of old china fell out with a clink and a clatter.

"Oh!" cried Gladys, stiffening with horror. "It's Aunt Barbara's painted china! Oh, Lovel, how did this happen?"

Mr. Best smote himself pathetically on the chest.

"Like George Washington," he confessed, "I cannot tell a lie—it was I. I was doing my gymnastics in the storage-room—Indian war-clubs and all that sort of thing, you know—when, all of a sudden, I lost my balance and tumbled over the pile of boxes. Down they went! Aunt Best keeps 'em packed, you know, in case of accident, and, of course, the china must needs be under all the rest, and got the hardest thumps."

"What did she say?" cried Gladys, with uplifted hands and eyes shining humidly.

"She doesn't know," Lovel answered, with twinkling dimples around his lips. "Do you suppose I'm going to 'fess' before I'm obliged to? I seized a pattern-cup—broken in not more than six pieces—and fled frantically to the nearest china-shop. They recommended me—here. To Miss Maitland, No. — — Sixth avenue. But I never dreamed that I was coming to my old playmate! Now, Gladys, I am at your mercy. *Can* these ruins be replaced, or can they not?"

Gladys frowned, half closed her lovely limpid eyes, pursed up her lips in the intensity of her attention, and finally nodded her head.

"Yes," she said. "But it will be, oh, so expensive! First we must order the china manufactured in just that *outre*, ancient shape; then it must be painted piece by piece."

"Let us hope," said Lovel, earnestly, "that there will be no grand family festival to use the china before—"

"Aunt Barbara *never* uses it," said Gladys. "She only unpacks it at intervals to dream over the grandeur of her ancestors. Courage, Lovel; I think we shall save you yet!"

"But, Gladys," said the young man, wistfully, "mayn't I tell Aunt Barbara that you are here alone? I am quite sure she would invite you to her house, if—"

Gladys colored to the very roots of her hair.

"If you do, Lovel," she said, "I will never forgive you. No. We neither of us wish to see the other. Let things remain as they are."

"But *I* may come to see how the china gets on?"

"Oh, yes," said Gladys, brightening. "*You* may come. But mind, not a word to Aunt Barbara."

The important business took time, as all such things do, but it drew to a close at last, and one day the box of china—new, yet such a perfect imitation of the old one that Aunt Barbara herself could not have told the difference—was safely smuggled into the back door and up to the storage-rooms.

"Now," said Lovel, laughing, "I shall breathe freely at last."

He gave Gladys a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, but as she took it he looked earnestly at her.

"Gladys, darling," said he, "I can't keep my secret any longer. I love you!"

"I knew that, long ago," said Gladys, in the sweet, solemn way she had.

"And you, dearest?"

"I love you, too," said Gladys. "Isn't it the most natural thing in the world? But I am not going to burden you with a penniless wife. We must wait until I am a great artist, you a prosperous lawyer."

Lovel Best secretly made up his mind that nothing of the sort should occur.

"I'll go home and tell it all to Aunt Barbara," he resolved. "And if she consents, all right; if she doesn't, all right, just the same! Gladys is better than a dozen fortunes!"

But when he reached home, the servants came to meet him with pale, troubled faces. Aunt Barbara Best had been found sitting dead in her chair.

Her will, all signed and sealed, left all that she had to Lovel Best. Gladys Maitland's name was not once mentioned.

But Gladys was coheiress all the same as Lovel's wife; and, perhaps, had the old lady known it, she would not have been displeased. For coming death lifts the veil off our hearts, and Mrs. Barbara had more than once wished that she had not been so sharp and stern with Gladys Maitland.

So they were married, and lived happy ever after. And Mrs. Barbara Best never even knew that her precious china had been broken, and risen again, so to speak, from its own ashes.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Dr. Emdee—"You must stop going out with the boys or you will break down your constitution." Jobiots—"No danger; the later I am out the night before the tougher I feel in the morning."—N. Y. Herald.

Why He Failed.

Teacher—I don't see what's got into you lately. You have always known your lessons perfectly, and now you do not seem able to comprehend a thing, no matter how much I explain it. Are you sick?

Boy—No, ma'am; but papa and mamma is away on a visit, and now there isn't anybody home to explain your explanations so I can understand 'em.—Good News.

Needed Finishing.

Caller—Your daughter is at home now, is she not? I heard she had graduated at the Artistic literary and scientific university.

Hostess—She is not at home. She has gone to a finishing school.

"Why, what for?"

"Oh, to learn how to enter a room, and sit down, and hold a fan, and blush, you know."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Condition.

Benedick—I'll give you the money for your shopping on one condition.

Mrs. Benedick—I know what that condition is. That I don't ask for too much.

Benedick—No; that you don't ask me to go with you.—Puck.

Worth Worship.

Chicago Belle—I fear you do not really and truly love me.

Ardent Suitor—I worship the very ground you walk on.

Chicago Belle—Of course. It's worth $900 a front foot.—N. Y. Weekly.

ON A RAINY NIGHT.

Sound from the steps—Zw-i-i-pp.

Voice from above—'Tek off yo' rubbers 'fore yo' comes in, Ruby. I don' want dat hall ile-cloth all mussed up.—Judge.

Not Always.

Miss Ruby—Wasn't it sad about Mr Larrabee?

Mr. Gimp (an old bachelor)—What was it?

"He was married on Tuesday and died on the following Friday."

"Yes, it's sad; but, then, marriage doesn't always prove fatal so soon."—Jury.

Futile Malevolence.

"There were more than three hundred people at Gibson's funeral," said Watts.

"I'm not surprised at hearing it," answered Potts, who had once bought a lot from the late Mr. Gibson. "They wanted to be sure they had seen the last of him."—Indianapolis Journal.

There Was More of It.

Little Mamie, whose parents are poor, is eating dinner with some rich relatives, one of whom says:

"Well, Mamie, how do you like your dinner—better than at home?"

"It doesn't taste much better, but I don't get through as soon as I do at home."—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Wall Suppressed.

Mr. Wall—We'll have to economize this year, Annie.

Mrs. Wall—Very well, dear: you can buy my bonnets and I'll select your ties and cigars.

And Mr. Wall hasn't said a word about economy since.—N. Y. Herald.

Hard-Hearted Thieves.

Sympathizing Friend—You: loss by that burglary was certainly very heavy—but you know what the poet says: "Into each life some rain must fall."

Mrs. De Luge (weeping)—Y-e-s—and the mis—miserable thieves even took my um-um-brella.—Puck.

The Country Still Lives.

A prominent politician, who has been in politics all his life, was bragging the other day that he was born on the very day that Thomas Jefferson died.

"And the country has survived both disasters? This is a wonderful country."—Texas Siftings.

The Best Position.

Mamma—Are you getting along nicely at school now, Johnny?

Johnny—Yes, indeed, mamma. I have the best position in my class.

Mamma—Yes? What is that?

Johnny—Near the stove.—Demorest's Magazine.

HE TOOK THE TRAIN AND DEPARTED.

—Harper's Bazar.

Love Badly Handicapped.

Maude—George, I don't think I ought to marry you, for I don't believe you love me one bit.

George (ardently)—Why, my darling, I am passionately, desperately, madly in love with you. I worship the very—

Maude—You talk well enough, George, but those letters you wrote me when you were away were so cold and distant they froze my heart. One would think you were writing to your washerwoman about her bill.

George (slowly)—Maude, I—was—engaged—to—a—girl—once—before, and when she sued me for breach of promise all my letters to her were—read—in—open—court.—N. Y. Weekly.

Safe to Remain.

The fact is not stated, but this little occurrence, reported by the New York Sun, must have taken place in the good old times when ministers were more eloquent, or congregations more patient, than is the case at present.

A stranger entered the meeting-house in the middle of the service, and took a seat in the back pew. Presently he whispered to the man at his side, evidently one of the old members:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," answered the elderly man. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay, then," said the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

Fortunate, Indeed.

A lady attired in garments of mourning searched for rooms and board in the west end of the city the other day.

"Have you any children?"

"No," answered the applicant, with a sigh. "I had a little boy once, but he died last summer."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the landlady, "for we never take children."—N. Y. Recorder.

The Mean Thing.

Miss Clamwhopper, who wears false tresses, but imagines nobody knows it, calls on her friend, Miss Snobberly.

Miss S.—Has Dobinsky finished your portrait?

Miss C.—I'll have to give him another sitting, so he can get the right color of my hair.

Miss S.—If that's all, why don't you send it to him by a servant?—Texas Siftings.

Painful Reminiscence.

Gillispon—I trust I'll fare better this Christmas than I did the last.

De Palette—Why?

Gillispon—I had an old boot presented me.

De Palette—Why didn't you ask for the mate?

Gillispon—Because the first one had a foot in it.—Judge.

Didn't Know Anything About It.

Stranger—I believe you are connected with the Twenty-third national bank?

Gentleman—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Will you be kind enough to tell me something about the financial standing of the institution?

Gentleman—Well, really, I'm afraid I can't. I'm simply a director, you know.—Judge.

SHE KNOWS A THING OR TWO.

—Puck.

Spiteful.

She—Are you going to Amy Burr's coming-out ball?

He—Coming-out ball?

She—Yes; her debut.

He—Why, she's been going around for at least three years!

She—I know it, but this is her first ball.

He—Then why not call it the "opening of a chestnut burr?"—Judge.

Plenty of Time.

Railroad conductors are a very sarcastic set of men. A traveler asked one of them:

"Will I have time to get something to eat at the next station?"

"Yes, you will have time enough if you are not going any further on this train."—Texas Siftings.

Happier Than a Queen.

Mrs Hiffe—Haven't I told you, once for all, that I don't need anything whatever? Why don't you go?

Peddler (respectfully)—Madam, I would like to feast mine eyes on dei luckiest womans in der vorldt. You vas better-off as der czarina!—Judge.

Not Quite Explained.

Mrs. Blonde (wildly)—Where did this black hair come from?

Mr. Blonde—I was riding behind a black horse and he switched his tail—

"This is *fine* hair."

"Yes, it was a fine horse.—Demorest's Magazine.

No Further Incentive.

Opulent Father-in-law—What ails you, George? Since you have been married you seem to have lost all your ambition.

George—Well, you see, sir, I reached the height of my ambition when I became your son-in-law.—Life.

An Improvement.

George—I wish I could turn Fido's coat as I can mine.

Jessie—What do you mean?

George—I fancy I should like him better with the bark on the inside.—N. Y. Herald.

His Wants and Deserts.

Man wants but little here below,
And yet, I must confess,
Though small his wants, we all well know
He deserves a blame slight less.
—Indianapolis Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Pacific Medical Journal complains that sufficient care is not given to the examination of seamen's eyesight. It attributes many accidents at sea to the fact that the lookouts are color-blind.

—It is said that four-fifths of the steam engines of the world have been constructed within the last twenty-five years. The total horse power is estimated at 49,000,000, of which the United States has 7,500,000, Great Britain 7,000,000, Germany 4,500,000, France 3,000,000 and Austria 1,500,000.

—Prof. Nothnagel, the Austrian court physician, traces the grip back to the ninth century, and says it recurs with varying intensity for three or four years, and then dies out for twenty or more years. As to remedies for it, Dr. Nothnagel seems to be sure only of one thing, and that is that antipyrine should not be resorted to.

—In a steel mill at Newburn, England, is a machine that will shear an ingot of steel thirty inches in width and twelve inches in thickness. A mighty foot holds the ingot in place, and the knife descends and snips off a piece as a boy cuts candy. Hydraulic power is used, and the cut can be made in about three seconds.

—The orange crop of California has become so large that it can not be marketed at paying prices. Thousands of acres of the land of California are now bearing young lemon trees. The olive and fig crops of the state are now profitable. Experiments in the raising of Ceylon tea in Southern California will soon be tried.

—A blue rose is among the impossibilities. There is a law governing the coloring of flowers, which is simply this: The three colors, red, blue and yellow, never appear in the same species of flowers; any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas, but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the viola family (as pansies, for instance), but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.

—Canada gets her share of nature's bounty to this half of the world this year, and the bureau of industries reported last week that the grain yield in Ontario is extraordinarily large. The wheat crops, spring and fall, are estimated at 38,584,026 bushels, nearly half as much again as the crop of 1890. The oat crop exceeds by 22,000,000 bushels last year's light crop, and the average prairie crop is the highest in ten years. One hundred and forty-eight thousand fewer acres were sown in barley than last year, but the yield is 541,737 bushels more.

—Experiments recently conducted in the school of physiology in Paris, France, have demonstrated beyond peradventure that the kernel of the oat contains three medicinal principles, the first of which acts to calm, soothe and tone up the brain and nerves, the second yielding phosphorus to weakened and hungry nerve tissues, and the third, residing in the husk of the oat or oatmeal, to act as a laxative and anti-congestive on the stomach, liver and bowels.

—A chemist of Vienna has succeeded in discovering a composition which will make even the slight material of ballet dancers' dresses fire-proof. The prince of Lichtenstein gave this composition a first trial on the stage in his own palace in the presence of a numerous company. The rise of the curtain discovered two life-sized dolls, dressed as ballet girls, to both of which a light was applied. One of the dolls was rapidly reduced to ashes, while the other, well saturated with the protective composition, escaped with a small hole in the dress.

HINTS ON MARRIAGE.

A Few Suggestions Telling You How to be Happy, Though Married.

Respect each other's individuality.

Do not try to mold the other's ideas, or principles, or manners to the pattern of your own.

Seek to influence each other only by the power of higher example.

By your worthiness and culture make the other proud of you, and do not feel that marriage gives you any right to demand, or dictate, or criticise.

Maintain and allow the same freedom that exists between good and pure friends.

Never ask personal questions nor seek explanations, for you are not a hundredth part as responsible for each other as you are apt to imagine.

Let your love be founded in admiration and friendship.

Strive to correct your own faults and study to make the other happy, and be exceedingly careful that you never reverse this rule.

Keep your most refined and gentle manner for the home.

Never refer to a mistake that was made with good intentions.

When a wrong is pardoned bury it in oblivion.

Consider the other's honor your own and shield each other's weaknesses with sacred jealousy.

Remember that ill-temper nearly always comes of disappointment or overwork or physical suffering.

Treat each other as courteously in private as you treat your friends in the drawing-room.

Never allow intimacy to become familiarity.

Be rivals in generosity and let misunderstandings die for want of words.

Consider marriage as the partnership of equals.

Share the joys and sorrows of life, its toils and profits, as equal partners should.—Brandon Buckshaw.

Effective Light for a Large Room.

One of the most effective ways of lighting a large apartment has been devised for an English drawing-room, and consists of an alabaster pillar through which streams a soft radiance. The gas jets are inclosed in the hollow receptacle, and the ventilation is through the ceiling. Of course there is nothing in the world so pretty as wax candles, but those are not only so very expensive, but are difficult to manage on account of the drippings.—Chicago Tribune.

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Hard to take—the big, old-fashioned pill. It's pretty hard to have to take it, too. You wouldn't, if you realized fully how it shocks and weakens the system.

Luckily, you *don't* have to take it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're sensible. They do, mildly and gently, *more* than the ordinary pill, with all its disturbance. They regulate the liver, stomach and bowels, as well as thoroughly cleanse them. They're the original Little Liver Pills, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest and the easiest to take. One little Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

They're the cheapest, too, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

The loss of flesh is a trifle. You think you need not mind it.

But, if you go on losing for some time or lose a good deal in a short time, you are running down. Is that a trifle?

Get back to your healthy weight and generally you get back to health.

A book on CAREFUL LIVING will tell you what it is to get there, and when Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is useful. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 112 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

TRADE MARK

ACTUAL SIZE

DO NOT GRIPE NOR SICKEN.

Sure cure for SICK HEADACHE, impaired digestion, constipation, torpid glands. They arouse vital organs, remove nausea, dizziness. Magical effect on kidneys and bladder. Conquer bilious nervous disorders. Establish natural DAILY ACTION.

Beautify complexion by purifying blood. PURELY VEGETABLE.

The dose is nicely adjusted to suit case, as one pill can never be too much. Each vial contains 42, carried in vest pocket, like lead pencil. Business man's great convenience. Taken easier than sugar. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent."

Send 2-cent stamp. You get 32 page book with sample.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

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BE RID OF THE GRIP.

MR. E. SCHLICHTING, living at No. [illegible] Third Ave., New York City, wrote the following under date of Dec. 20th, 1891. Two weeks ago I was taken with severe pains in my back, head, chest and throat, in fact my whole body ached and I concluded it must be the grip. I used two bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and found relief, the third bottle cured me. Two of my children were taken the same way and two bottles cured them. [illegible] Cough Syrup is worth its weight in [illegible]

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NEW NORTH.

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HUGH AND KITTY.

An Idyl of the Hill Country of Tennessee.

Kitty McKissen looked at her brother and sighed, and the sigh was accompanied by a glance of admiration. Hugh McKissen was certainly a fine specimen of young mountain manhood. Tall and muscular, with a lithe and sinewy form, whose graceful proportions even the half coat, half sack, called "a hunting shirt," could not disguise; a frank and pleasant expression, and a voice that, in spite of a rather nasal tone when its owner was excited, was full and musical—Hugh was worthy of feminine admiration. He was singularly ignorant of his attractions, and, though bold in peril, fearing neither man, bear nor catamount in single fight, was timid in the presence of women his mother and his sister excepted. The owner, subject to his mother's life right, of a thousand acres of mountain land, of which one-third was rich "bottom," or level land, with horses in stall, cattle in meadow and steers on the hill range, he was at seven-and-twenty a bachelor, while his fellows were heads of families by the time they had come to manhood. He loved his mother and sister, who worshiped him, and he was content.

Kitty McKissen was not his sister, however, nor was she his kinswoman. Eighteen years before, John Markham came there from the east, and bought a little "bottom patch" of sixty acres, and settled on it with his wife. He built a log cabin, set to work awkwardly to cultivate a few girdled acres, and tried to accommodate himself to an unusual position. Folks around, naturally suspicious of strangers, thought he must have done something wrong to make him leave home. He brought books, not over a hundred in number, which the neighbors deemed to be a great library. His house was neat, owing to his young wife's taste. The neighbors said: "It's stuck roun' with thing-a-majigs till it's a plom sight!"

Markham worked hard, and so did his wife, and, soon after their coming, Kitty was born. She was christened Catharine Burnett. Three months after her birth her mother died, and Mrs. McKissen, who had just lost a child of nearly the same age, offered to nurse Kitty—an offer thankfully accepted. But John Markham caught cold by exposure, it settled upon his lungs, and in less than a year he died, leaving his little possessions to his child. Kitty thrived and soon became known as a McKissen, the circuit rider's baptismal certificate to the contrary notwithstanding. She and Hugh, who was a nine-year-old boy when she came, had been brought up together. When she was half grown Peter McKissen was killed by the fall of a girdled tree, and Kitty became the mainstay of the house, for old Mrs. McKissen, who was ten years senior to her husband, had been half paralytic for years, and passed her time hobbling beween her bed, the kitchen table and the fireside, where she comforted herself with her cob pipe, frequently refilled. As foster mother, she was the only one Kitty had known, and the love between the two was strong.

Frank and good natured, as well as athletic, Hugh was a popular young man his fellows accepting his lead and young women receiving his attentions courteously. But he never threw the handkerchief at any particular fair one, treating all with a shy deference. They did not come up to the standing of Kitty, who had inherited some of the refinement of her mother; and who, having read her father's books over and over again, was credited with a vast amount of learning. That kind of knowledge did not interfere with her housewifely qualities, for she was known to be the best cook and baker as well as the best butter maker and neatest housekeeper in the county. Hugh measured all other girls by her Procrustean standard. Besides, Hugh was not matrimonially inclined. His home was too comfortable, and he was in no hurry to bring a strange woman there.

But Mrs. McKissen thought it high time for her son to marry, and spoke to him about it.

"What's the need, mother?" he responded. "I'm comfortable, and so are you. Why should I bring a strange girl here—one that ain't used to us and our ways, upsetting things?"

"You needn't do that, neither," said his mother.

But Hugh was too obtuse to take the hint and went out to salt the cattle. But he communed with himself as he went.

"I might spark Lucy Campbell," he thought. "She's been east to school, and she's a sort of high flyer, but she's pretty. Old Jim Campbell's well off, and he has only young Jim and Lucy. I'll speak to Kitty about it she is at the cows, now."

s there with her milk pails, broached the subject at looked up, blushed a little oked down and listened.

Campbell!" she cried. "So, y don't the cre'tur' keep y Campbell's a nice girl; a -tempered, but you're not; er turns a hand to anything house; but you're not look- housekeeper. Give down.

ere's Nancy Stallins. Nan- re not so off as Lucy that Nancy girl in the

s, she's a up her dirt, snuff. You ay, do you,

ugh. "Well, ier, she's at me to marry, and I declare, except the two, I can't think of a girl I'd like to have, unless—well, there ain't one."

"You stupid!" said Kitty, pettishly.

"Eh?"

"This Boss is the most stupid cow I ever saw. Now, Bullface!"

And Kitty stooped with her pail, and began a fresh milking.

"See here," said Hugh. "Did you ever see such an uncertain chap as that Si Doss? He's been here four times this week about buyin' a cow, stays around hours at a time, and ain't made made up his mind yet. 'Pears to me he don't know a good thing when he sees it."

"There are a good many young men in the same fix, I allow," said Kitty. "Si Doss appears to me not to be one of that kind. He knows what he wants, I fancy."

And then, with her filled pail, Kitty moved off to the spring-house.

Hugh stood a minute, salt-bag in hand, forgetful of his cattle, when he saw Si Doss riding up, and then dismounting. Si tethered his horse to the pendant limb of a beech tree, and then strode forward. He had the reputation of being the most forward young man in the county; but he had a very embarrassed air now.

"Howdy, Hugh."

"Howdy, Si."

"Folks all well?".

"Yes. Your'n?"

"Fus'-rate, thank y'. Our best brood sow's sort o' limpish. I allow she's been eatin' somethin' afore we brought her outen the woods."

"Likely."

And then the two stood like exhausted receivers. At last Doss broke out:

"I've been allowin' to git married."

"Yes?"

"I'd like you to put in a good word for me."

"Me? Who's the girl?"

"Kitty McKissen."

"Not—our—Kitty!"

"Yes. I'm not quite sure whether she favors me or not. I've been aroun' some, but somehow I ain't got the nerve to speak out. Couldn't you soun' her an' find out?"

"Our Kitty! Why, Si, she's a little girl. She's too young."

"She's eighteen year old. I heern Miss McKissen say so. You know, though, I'm tol'rable well-to-do, an' don't owe no man a dollar. I love the very ground she walks on."

"Well," said Hugh, after a pause, "we'll see about it. Anything new?"

"There just is. There's a fellow down to the town—a furriner from the east—got up in store clothes an' mighty sassy-lookin', an' he's been inquirin' about John Markham's folks. Sez he's a kin to 'em an' 's gwine to come and hunt up Kitty."

"No! What's his name?"

"Calvin Burnett. He's a lawyer where he lives."

"Burnett? Must be kin to Kitty's mother. You told him whar she is?"

"Yes; and thar he comes now, on Sol Dingess's claybank mar'. Can't ride worth shucks, nuther."

It was a spruncly-dressed stranger who rode up, and, leading his mare, came toward them. It was not necessary to tell his kinship, for he "favored" Kitty, as they say in the hills. The same eyes and forehead, but he had a square chin. He explained his business.

"Come into the house, Mr. Burnett," said Hugh. "Kitty will be back from the spring house, presently."

Doss was anxious to learn everything, but as no one asked him to remain, went off reluctantly. Presently Kitty came in, and the newcomer introduced himself as her first cousin, the son of her mother's brother.

"Of course," said Burnett, "I am very glad to know a near relative, especially when she's a pretty girl; but I did not come for that. I am here on business. Do you know anything of your father's history?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, don't 'sir' me, Kitty; we are own cousins. Call me 'Cousin Cal.' Your father ran off with my aunt, having married her against grandfather's command. Grandfather disowned her, and was very bitter. But when he died, he left one-half of his property to father absolutely, and the other half in trust. The nature of the trust was explained in a sealed paper, not to be opened until after father's death, and to be carried out by his executor. I believe father knew its nature. The trust money increased under my father's prudent management, and that share of the estate amounts to more than what I inherit. It is nearly twice as much. I opened the paper, and the instructions are that I am to pay it over to the heir or heirs of Catherine Markham. I am satisfied, from inquiry, that you are the heir, Kitty, and I am ready to transfer to you, under the proper legal forms, nearly ninety thousand dollars. I congratulate you, Kitty. You will be able to live at the east, as comfortably as possible, on an income sufficient, I suppose, for a single gentlewoman."

Ninety thousand dollars! The amount dazed Kitty, and struck the McKissens dumb. It was a fairy tale, and the young lawyer looked like an enchanter. Hugh was considered rich there, with less than a fifth of the sum; but ninety thousand dollars!

At last Kitty asked:

"Mr. Burnett—Cousin Calvin—must I live there to get the money?"

"No. You can live where you like; but if you want to enjoy life, the east is the place for you. You are your own mistress, or, at least, will be at twenty-one. In the meanwhile, the court here will probably let you name your own guardian and trustee."

"Thank you, cousin. I am glad to know you; glad to have this unexpected fortune, and would be glad to see a place that I've heard so much of. But the only kin I ever knew, though not of my blood, are dear to me. This is my only home. I may visit the east, but I could not stay there."

The news of Kitty's wonderful inheritance soon spread. Rumor increased it by an additional cipher. It was heard of with a thrill of awe and envy. It was said that the dashing young "furriner" was to marry Kitty, and take her away immediately; and Josiah Doss was in the gulf of despair. Hugh knew better, so far as Kitty's views went, but he felt a sinking at the heart. Kitty would stay, but with such a fortune in possession she seemed out of the common sphere.

Burnett, while the legal forms were going on, amused himself by studying this cousin, who was so readily accommodating herself to circumstances and the McKissens, especially Hugh. It required no penetration to see that the latter was in love with Kitty, but seemed not to quite realize his own feelings; and that Kitty loved Hugh, and knew it.

"That young man is bright enough in some things, but very stupid in this," said the lawyer to himself. "I'll play the good genius, for the fun of the thing."

The court, at Kitty's instance, appointed Hugh McKissen her guardian and trustee, to the scandal of the young folk, who thought she should have chosen some older man. Hugh and Burnett had divers conferences, before affairs were over. At one of these the lawyer said:

"What a pretty girl Cousin Kitty is! Don't you think so, Mr. McKissen?"

"Ye-es."

"She'll make a figure when she gets into society, too. She is one of the rough gems that take to polish kindly."

"M-m!"

"The fact is, I admire her the more I know her. I must try and persuade her to leave the mountains."

"Kitty McKissen isn't one of that kind," said Hugh. "You heard her say that she would stay here, and she is the one to keep her word."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. McKissen," said Burnett. "Her proper name is Catherine Markham, and she is not likely to change it—in this place. No offense to you; but the name is a good one, and sounds well; but it would sound better if it were changed to Burnett, in my judgment."

And then Burnett walked off, to take a stroll through the hills, leaving Hugh confused and indignant.

"Confound his impudence!" cried Hugh. "Mrs. Burnett! He's after Kitty's money. Kitty marry him!"

Hugh walked out to cool himself and met Kitty coming from the spring-house; for Kitty was born to love cows and chickens, and her money had not changed her ways. She nodded. Hugh kept at her side, and as she reached the porch he said:

"I—I want to have a talk with you, Kitty."

"All right. Sit down on the porch, then, and I'll listen."

"Kitty—I—the fact is—"

"Yes?"

"The fact is— You don't care for Burnett, do you?"

"Care for him? Of course I do. He brought me good fortune; he's my own cousin, you know, and he's a very nice man, too."

"Are you—going—to marry him?"

"What a question! I suppose you can ask it, as you're my guardian. I don't see how I could; he's not a Mormon, and he has a wife already."

"Oh, Kitty, you know I—'

"Well, I don't know, till I know what it is I know."

"Kitty, I love you."

"Of course you do; we were brought up together."

"It's not that, Kitty; but why can't we marry?"

"You never asked me, Hugh."

Hugh asked then with a vengeance He poured out his feelings in a flood of words. Kitty didn't interrupt him. She liked it. But when he paused for sheer want of breath, she quietly put her hand in his, and said:

"You ought to have known that I loved you, Hugh."

When Burnett came back he divined the state of affairs at once.

"Mr. McKissen," he said, dryly, "I presume that Miss Burnett will have the approval of her guardian in this matter."

Kitty did go to the east, but it was as Kitty McKissen, and with her husband. After their return there was a house put up on the McKissen place, which was the wonder of the neighborhood, both of itself and furnishings.

"Such doings!" said Nancy Stallins to a gossip. "You know the house—built outer bricks and rocks—a sorter cross atwix' a co'house an' a meetin'-house; an' enough rooms in it for a tavern. But I was inside; six wagon-loads o' things was put in; the floors are kivered all over. Yes!" continued Nancy, with the bitterest climax, "kivered with kiverlids!"—Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Ledger.

A SINGULAR HORSE.

Dean Swift's Clever Ruse to Get a Seat.

A funny story is told of Dean Swift, who was a witty man and fond of a joke at the expense of other people, as most witty people are. One very cold night, when he was traveling, he stopped at a little inn. There was only one fire in the house, and the guests of the inn, crowding about it, left no place for the newcomer.

With a solemn face Dean Swift called to the hostler, and told him to get a peck of oysters immediately and take them out to his horse.

"Will your horse eat oysters?" asked the astonished man.

"Just take them out and see," said the horse's master.

The people around the fire stared at the man who owned this curious horse, and nearly everyone of them left his seat and went out to see the remarkable horse eating oysters.

Then the cunning Dean made himself comfortable in the warmest corner, and ordered his supper.

Presently back came the hostler, with the disappointed crowd after him.

"He won't touch them, sir!" cried the hostler.

"Then take the foolish animal all the oats he can eat," replied Dean Swift. "You can bring the oysters here. I'll eat them for supper myself" Harper's Young People.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—His Aunt—"I don't see, Jack, what you like so much about that girl." Jack—"My arm, auntie."—Brooklyn Life.

—"I have always wished," soliloquized the coroner, pensively, "that I could have held this office immediately after the flood."—Pacific Harbor Light.

—First Office Boy—"He's no newspaper man." Second Office Boy—"No?" "Naw. He's a journalist. He writes wid a gold pen."—N. Y. Recorder.

—No, my son, it is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safer to tell it to somebody else, and it is just as effective in most instances.—Boston Transcript.

—Full.—Wool—"The last I saw of Old Soak he was tacking up Broadway, with a sign on his back."—Van Pelt—"What did it read?" Wool—"Standing room only."—N. Y. Herald.

—Husband—"What in thunder is that child reaching out and yelling so for?" Wife—"He is probably looking for a collar button. They say he takes after you."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—"A cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."

—Jessie—"We missed you in our box at the theater last night." Jack—"I should have felt out of place there I had such a cold I couldn't speak above a whisper."—N. Y. Herald.

—Guest—"And you are the proprietor of this popular hotel, are you? Why, I was here last summer, and I don't think you owned it then, did you?" Mr. Heavytipp—"O, no; I was one of the waiters, though."—Comic.

—A Strong Hint.—Old Boarder—"You don't spell soup with a R, do you?" Mrs. Slimdiet—"Certainly not. Why?" Old Boarder—"I thought not; I noticed there wasn't any oyster in it."—N. Y. Herald.

—"I wish I hadn't eaten that apple," said Fatty, ruefully. "Why, was it a bad one?" "Well, I believe it was spoiling for a fight," and his face took on a look of pain.—St. Joseph News.

—Bess—"Shame on you, Carrie! I saw you kiss Ben no less than twenty times last evening." Carrie—"But he is such a tiresome fellow, you know. I have to kiss him to stop him from talking."—Boston Transcript.

—Count Poco d'Argento—"I called upon Mr. Gaswell this afternoon, and made a formal proposal for his daughter's hand." Interested friend—"Ah, indeed! And what was the outcome?" Count Poco d'Argento (sadly)—"I was."—Boston Post.

—Spacer—"What did the editor say about your poem on the earth?" Liner—"Said he would like to see me go deeper into the subject." Spacer—"How much deeper?" Liner—"From what he said I should judge about six feet."—N. Y. Herald.

—One Kind of a Watch. Inventor—"O, the fatality of things! Here I have an invulnerable, non-atmospheric, spectacular, refractive, non-reverbrating, non-oscillatory watch, perfect in detail and mechanism; and yet I am almost starving." Friend—"Why don't you sell the patent?" Inventor—"The fools won't buy it, just because it won't keep time. The driveling idiots."—Jewelers' Circular.

WASN'T WELL INFORMED.

The Stranger Had Failed to Post Himself on Gotham's Landmarks.

"Where is the Young Men's institute?" asked a clerical-looking man, who had just come over the big bridge from Brooklyn, as he stood hesitatingly in Park Row.

"De Young Men's Christian instoot?" answered the tough-looking 'longshoreman with a red nose and a black eye. "Why, dat's up de Bowery."

"Yes, I was told it was in the Bowery," replied the stranger. "But can you tell me just where?"

"Cert," ejaculated the 'longshoreman, "I don't know the number, but I can put yer right onto it. You know where Steve Brodie's saloon is, don't yer, well——"

"No, I don't," said the stranger.

"What, don't know Steve Brodie's?" in tones of disgust. "De bridge jumper?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, you know where Kerrigan's dive is. It's not far from dat, as——"

"Excuse me, sir. I don't know Kerrigan's dive either."

"Say, mister, where was yer born, anyway? Perhaps yer don't even know where Sheeny Mike's dime beauty-show is, den?"

"No."

"Nor Chin Wah's opium joint?"

"I must seem very ignorant to you."

"Plain ordinary ignorance ain't in it wid yer at all, mister. If yer don't know dem places, yer hadn't ought to be out alone in New York. I can't direct yer to de instoot if yer don't know de commonest landmarks. You'd better hire a detective to guide yer round and keep yer out o' de Bowery altogedder."—N. Y. Tribune.

El Dorado Was a Man.

There is nothing obscure in the etymology of the Spanish phrase El Dorado, which means literally "The Guilded," yet to such an extent has it been abused that few know that it originally related to a man and not to a country. In the latter sense it has been applied to almost every gold-bearing district encountered in America since the discovery; and there is scarcely a mining camp in California but has named its richest lode or most popular resort, whether grog shop, billiard saloon, or theater, "El Dorado." As early as the sixteenth century it served to designate an imaginary region abounding in gold and precious stones somewhere upon the Isthmus of Panama, near its western boundary; but prior to this acceptation it had become a synonym for the most remarkable legend of the New World, the supposed eastern proximity of which invested its unexplored territory with the glamor of Oriental romance. The term was, indeed, an application of royalty, and El Dorado, perhaps, a veritable king whose daily attire is said to have been a simple coating of aromatic resins followed by a sprinkling of gold dust blown through a bamboo cane.—Panama Star.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

Abstract of a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium.

The intimate and important relation between the stomach and the brain is only understood when we study carefully the sympathetic nervous system. The brain is the organ of thought, but not the only part of the body that thinks. It is an interesting fact which biological studies sustain that nerve cells, wherever they are, can think. A nerve cell in one part of the brain does one kind of thinking and a nerve cell in another part does another kind. For example, certain nerve cells refer to color or to form and certain others to memory. Each group of cells in the brain does a particular kind of thinking. The cells found in the upper part of the brain do the kind of thinking which we call "mind," while the cells at the base of the brain do a sort of automatic thinking. The beginner at the piano has to learn how to put down one finger and then another, and then how to strike chords with equal force, but the fingers of the experienced pianist adjust themselves without taking thought as to their relation to the keys. A general does not give his orders to his soldiers direct, but to the officers next below him, and so on down until the rank and file are reached. Just so with the nervous system; the governor at the top of the brain sends his orders to the base of the brain and from there the orders are sent to the various parts of the body down through the spinal cord and the ramifications of nerves leading from it. All of these subordinate centers are capable of doing a certain kind of thinking. One has charge of the liver and another of the heart; in one is the seat of hunger and in another the sense of weariness, and so on.

There is another set of nerves known as the organic nervous system which is located chiefly outside of the brain and the spinal cord. The most important and largest groups of this system constitute what is known as the "abdominal brain," which lies back of the stomach and is closely connected with it. This organic nervous system is more highly developed in the lower animals than in man. It has charge of the functions of nutrition, elimination, circulation, etc. This nervous system is closely connected with the cerebro-spinal system first mentioned.

Now as to the offices of the sympathetic nervous system: When food enters the stomach, it finds the fibers of the sympathetic nerves distributed everywhere on the inside of the stomach and this contact enables the stomach to determine how much gastric juice it should make and the kind and quantity. So it calls for the right quantity of blood for use of the glands of the stomach.

Sometimes one gets palpitation of the heart after dinner for the reason that the nerves connected with the heart are also connected with the stomach, and when the stomach is irritated, it sets up an abnormal action of the heart. Thus it is seen that the relation between the general and sympathetic nervous systems are so direct and intimate that we can not possibly dissociate them. Any disease affecting the sympathetic nervous system will directly affect the general nervous system. People suffering from nervous headaches are cured by treating their stomachs. Dyspepsia lies at the foundation of most nervous diseases and it is doubtless true that half of the people in our asylums for insane are sent there and kept there because of bad stomachs.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

EARLY AMERICAN POTTERY.

It Was Manufactured in the Colonies as Early as 1649.

Primitive potteries for the production of earthenware on a small scale were operated in the provinces at an early period, but as only the coarser grades of ware were needed by the simple inhabitants of a new country, no extended accounts of them appear to have been written by the older historians. As early as the year 1649, however, there were a number of small potteries in Virginia which carried on a thriving business in the communities in which they existed; and the first Dutch settlers in New York brought with them a practical knowledge of potting, and are said to have made a ware equal in quality to that produced in the ancient town of Delft. Prof. Isaac Broome, of the Beaver Falls Art Tile works, informs me that the remains of an old kiln fire-hole, saved from the ravages of time by being thoroughly vitrified, still exist a mile or two below South Amboy, N. J. This is a relic of the earlier pottery ware made on this continent, and was most probably established by the Dutch to make stew-pans and pots.

Dr. Daniel Coxe, of London, proprietor, and afterward governor, of West Jersey, was undoubtedly the first to make white ware on this side of the Atlantic. While he did not come to America himself, he caused a pottery to be erected at Burlington, N. J., previous to the year 1690, through his agent, John Tatham, who, with Daniel Coxe, his son, looked after his large interests here. It is recorded that in 1691 Dr. Coxe sold to the "West New Jersey Society" of London, consisting of forty-eight persons, his entire interests in the province, including a dwelling-house and "pottery-house" with all the tools, for the sum of £9,000 sterling.—Edwin A. Barber, in Popular Science Monthly.

—"You didn't bring your wife with you, Mr. Jones," said the small boy of the house, addressing the visitor. "No, my boy; would you like to see her?" "Yes. Leastways, I would like to see her thumb." "See her thumb? What do you want to see her thumb for?" "Well, ma says your wife keeps you under her thumb, and I'd like to see it, for it must be a pretty big one."—Tid-Bits.

—One Way of Putting It.—Spacer—"When a man's eyes are very close together how would you describe him?" Liner—"You might say he was linkseyed."—N. Y. Herald.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Butcher (to artist)—"I am not quite satisfied with the portrait. The right side of the chest should bulge somewhat—that is where I keep my pocketbook."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Came Away Without Her.—Bunker—"How did you come to leave your wife in Paris?" Hill—"She couldn't make up her mind whether she wanted a yard or a yard and a half, and I got tired waiting."—Cloak Review.

—Rabbits, snakes, birds and fishes never close their eyes because unprovided with eyelids. The rabbit and the common barn-yard fowl are each provided with a thin membrane, which is let down over the eye when asleep or at rest.

—"Has he a profession?" asked a young woman as a new social recruit entered the room. "Yes; he's a title searcher." "You don't mean real estate?" "No; he is employed by heiresses who contemplate matrimony with foreign gentlemen."—Washington Star.

—How He Answered.—Judge—"And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested?" Complainant—"He answered mechanically, yer honor." Judge—"Explain." Complainant—"He hit me on the head with a hammer."—Demorest's Magazine.

—Stage Manager—"By Jove, there's a nice thing happening on the stage!" Proprietor—"Eh? What's up?" Stage Manager—"The hero and the villain are doing their duel act, and the latter won't die until you signal him that he'll get his arrears of salary at the end of the piece."—Comic.

—Mrs. Billsdoo—"That piece of pottery is too valuable, I think, to put Worcestershire sauce into it." Mrs. Bullion—"That's what it is intended for." Mrs. Billsdoo—"I thought it was only an ornament?" Mrs. Bullion—"O, dear, no. The dealer said it was genuine Worcester."—Jewellers' Circular.

—Joseph Suppel, of Philadelphia, desired to make himself comfortable after death; so he had an underground vault built, and furnished with tables, chairs, pictures, etc., so as to give it a "home-like" appearance. His funeral took place a few days ago, and the owner was quietly placed in possession.

—"I tell yez, Mary Ann," said Micky Dolan as he sat down to his supper, "it is not for me to be oncharitable till me felly-man, but whin Dinnis O'Brien, wid his wood leg, takes to carryin' a cane besides, it looks to me loike too much shtoile and extravagance, so it do."—Washington Star.

—The large gift of Baron Hirsch in aid of the Russian exiles has stimulated many other wealthy Hebrews both in Europe and America to deeds of generosity. The various societies for assisting the exiles are well supplied with funds, which are used with discretion and which have been serviceable to thousands of sufferers all the way from the Neva to the Hudson.

—It is hard to believe in these days of careless financiering that in transactions covering a period of seven years and an amount exceeding $13,000,000, there should have been but one error of $10, and that one found to have been made up. Nevertheless that is the record of the East river bridge as reported by experts who have gone over the accounts.

—A rather remarkable story is told about an apple tree that grows in St. George's cemetery in Middleport, Del. It is said to yield fine round apples in great abundance. But no one can eat them, as they have a "graveyard taste." Even the hogs, when the apples are offered them, refuse to touch them. When put by the fire to roast the apples, it is said, simmer to oil and emit a disagreeable odor strongly suggestive of graveyards.

—There is a species of seaweed, a kind of kelp, which the Indians of Alaska are very fond of chewing. It is as tough as leather and one piece will last a man who has good teeth for a whole day. These Indians have an interesting fashion of collecting herring eggs. They weave mattresses of cedar twigs and sink them with stones in the water. The fish deposit their spawn upon the twigs and it is subsequently collected and dried.

—An excellent idea has been recently put into practice by a drug firm in Birmingham. On every bottle or package of poison sold by the firm a label is pasted, on which are printed directions as to the antidote which should be employed in case the poison is taken by human beings, accidentally or intentionally. This is perhaps an even better plan than that said to have been adopted in a newly opened western drug store of giving a dog with each prescription filled.

—It is computed by leading physiologists that, since one-third of a second suffices to produce an impression upon the brain, a man of 100 years of age must have collected on or in his brain matter 9,467,280,000 impressions. Or, again, take off one-third of the time for sleep, and we still find 6,311,520,000. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate waking impressions on the man who lives to the age of fifty years.

—"There is," says a horticulturist, "hardly an instance in natural history of a plant so universally detested by the animal world as the castor-oil plant. No sort of bird, beast or creeping thing will touch a castor-oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth.

—A neat trick played on a detective is thus described: The officer was conveying a thief from Chicago, Ill., to Madison, Ind., and both occupied the same seat, being handcuffed together. Sure of his prisoner, who, he thought, could not escape without taking him along, the detective prepared to enjoy a long-needed sleep. When the officer was deep in slumber, the thief picked his pockets, taking all of his money as well as the key to the handcuffs. He unlocked the handcuffs, and at the next station passed from the train with a number of other passengers.

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HER FATHER'S VICTIM.

(Continued from last week.)

to which I can devote my small means more conscientiously. In the west there are thousands of people suffering for bread, and I conceive it my duty to give to them what I have to spare. Charity, it is said, begins at home, and I think charity and Christian duty are not far separated. I believe it our duty to look first after the suffering of our own land—to feed the hungry and clothe the naked—and take care of the heathen next. This is my opinion, and I do not set it up as a guidance to others. I merely propose to follow it myself, and the little I have to give shall go toward alleviating the sufferings of the starving settlers on the western prairies."

This proved a very bomb to the meeting. The smile of self-satisfaction set on every face gave way to a look of astonishment, and the members looked inquiringly at each other. But on no one did it have such effect as upon Blatchford. Instantly he remembered that many of those poor settlers were suffering from the effects of his "long time and easy term" loans and his swindling boom scheme at Paradise Park, and for a little while his conscience pricked him. A thought of his daughter, too, flashed through his mind, and for an instant he wondered if she might not be one of those who were starving—one whowas ground down by another, even as hundreds were ground down by him. He never dreamed that she could be one of his own victims. He began to feel a sense of shame and dread, and even a slight twinge of regret, but the ever alert Sarah saw how his mind was drifting, and thought fit to recall it, which she did by saying:

"The poor we have always with us, Sister Gooding, and I'm sure we are all ever willing to aid the needy. But what are the wants of the body as compared with the welfare of the immortal soul? Besides, there are public charities for the poor of our own land, and the government will see that nobody starves. We must not let trifles like this influence us from our duty as Christians. We are engaged in a good work and we must not turn aside from it."

"So be it, Sister Blatchford," said Rev. Wheedler. "You speak with the spirit and the understanding. We are fishers for souls, and not feeders of the body. We have a higher and a mightier mission than that of catering to the appetite of the physical man. Our duty calls us above such."

After a little further conversation of this kind in which each tried to convince himself or herself that he or she wa.. walking in the "narrow way," the meeting at last broke up and Blatchford and his wife were left alone in the parlor, where for some time they remained silent. Finally Blatchford spoke. He said:

"The words of that woman have disturbed me, Sarah, and I feel that I am to a great extent responsible for the sufferings of many of those poor people out there in Kansas. I might have been more lenient with them and saved them the loss of so much money in that Paradise Park boom. Suppose Mary should be suffering at some other person's hands what my victims are suffering at mine?"

"Now, Hiram," said Sarah, "that is just your way. You allow your heart and feelings to accuse you of some great wrong, when you know you are not guilty of any. As a business man you have only done what you ought to do, and you have been a benefactor to those poor people. You have let them have money when they could not have gotten it anywhere else, and that was a great accommodation, I'm sure. You are not responsible for the seasons and the failures of crops, and all that, and you have no right to let your generous heart accuse you. You are too conscientious, Hiram, for a business man—that you are."

These words had the effect on Hiram that the wily Sarah knew they would, and instantly he began to feel quite fond of himself and would have liked to hug himself to his own bosom. He chirked up at once, and thought that he had really rendered those poor unfortunate victims of his a great and lasting service by loaning them money at a rate of interest they could never pay.

"As for your daughter," continued Sarah, "when she wants your aid, or sympathy, even, she will let you know. Remember, she went away from you of her own accord, and it is wrong for you to grieve your honest soul on her account. You have performed a glorious part toward the church to-day, Hiram, and you must not let the happiness following that deed be clouded by such foolish regrets."

And he did not for any great while.

CHAPTER XX.

AUNT MITCHELL SPEAKS.

Hiram soon became as placid and self-satisfied as ever, and the next morning he went down town to his office with not a trace of the late disturbance either showing in his features or rankling in his conscience. For several weeks everything went along smoothly with him, and every day he fell more and more in love with his charitable qualities and his Christian virtues. Hiram Blatchford was not a man to give way to any insignificant feeling, and he did not allow conscience to deter him for any great length of time. He at one time felt that he hadn't always done just right, but he managed to shift the blame of his wrong actions to some other person's shoulders, and succeeded, to his own satisfaction, in exonerating himself completely.

But another bombshell was destined to fall in the Blatchford camp, and it fell with terrible effect. This bombshell camein the shape of an elderly maiden lady known as Miss Mitchell Blatchford, sister to Hiram, who for some years had lived entirely isolated from her brother. She decided to pay Hiram a visit, and, accordingly, one day some weeks after the Christian aid society meeting she alighted at Hiram's door.

Hiram was not particularly glad to see his sister, for to tell the truth she had an uncomfortable way of speaking her mind that Hiram did not like. He distinctly remembered several occasions when she had freely spoken her opinion of him and his way of doing, and she had not always considered him in the light of an injured innocent. He knew that she would soon discover the relation existing between himself and his daughter, and he felt morally certain that her sympathies would be with the latter, and that a "blowing up" for him would be the result.

Sarah was not glad to see Miss Blatchford either; and she not only shared in Hiram's feelings, but she was inclined to look upon any of his people as interlopers when they presumed to visit the house that ought to be sacred to the Spicklers. She feared, moreover, that this strong-minded woman would jar on her nerves, for she had understood from her husband how Miss Mitchell was inclined to give vent, in no uncertain terms, to her honest opinions. Sarah felt that she was a good, saintly creature; yet she was not anxious that anyone should speak the truth about her in her presence. If she could have had her desire in the matter, she would have had Miss Mitchell's visit postponed indefinitely.

Of course Hiram and Sarah made an effort to welcome her, but the effort was very much constrained, and was lacking in warmth and feeling. Miss Mitchell either did not notice this, or ignored it for reasons of her own, and proceeded to make herself at home in her brother's house after her own peculiar fashion.

Aunt Mitchell, as she was usually called by those who knew her well, was of a cold, taciturn disposition. She was distant and unsocial toward those who were her best friends, and toward strangers, or those whom she disliked, she was frigid to the last degree. She had a knack of forming a pretty correct estimate of people on first sight, and her first-formed opinion of Mrs. Blatchford was anything but flattering to that lady's Christian character. Mr. Blatchford attempted to make up to her erratic sister-in-law, but on each occasion met with such a cold repulse that she soon gave up the effort.

Aunt Mitchell preserved a quiet, cold dignity in her deportment to her brother and his wife, and avoided their society as much as possible. When she was forced into their presence, however, she maintained the bearing of one who is making a strong effort to hold herself in check. By her constrained manner, she not only succeeded in making an icy atmosphere in the house, but she caused the household to feel uncomfortable, and gave Hiram a spell of nervous its. Every one felt that she would not keep up this rigid deportment for many days, and they were assured that when she did break loose there would be a terrible explosion.

Thus for a week Aunt Mitchell kept the family on the needles of suspense. Mrs. Blatchford grew so nervous in the meantime that every unusual noise caused her heart to cease beating. Blatchford worked himself up to such a point of uneasiness that he stood in momentary dread of some great misfortune. As for old Mrs. Spickler, Aunt Mitchell knocked her clear out of the ring at first sight. The icy bow and the piercing look she gave that old lady on the occasion of their introduction was sufficient to terrorize her for all time to come. Mrs. Spickler was the possessor of considerable spirit, and many people had quailed before her gaze, but she was not equal to Aunt Mitchell's cutting glance. She tried to avoid Aunt Mitchell's eyes after that first meeting, and if by chance she did catch a glance from them she wilted and shrank until she felt that she was but an atom of humanity—a mere speck of flesh and blood.

One morning the Blatchford household were assembled at breakfast, when Aunt Mitchell came in a little late. A glance at her face as she coldly nodded her salutation was enough to reveal the fact that her feelings were struggling vehemently to break loose. She sat down to the table with a snap, and putting herself in the most rigid attitude, preserved a perfect silence. Blatchford was detailing to his wife the particulars of a plan for the repainting and repairing of the church.

"It can be done for a hundred dollars," he said, "and that amount can be easily raised."

"I should think so," replied Sarah. "You will give something, I know."

"Yes, I have already subscribed twenty-five dollars. Ten for myself, ten for you and five for mother."

Aunt Mitchell said nothing just then, but the corners of her mouth began to twitch and she jabbed her fork into the food viciously. Two or three minutes passed in perfect silence, then Aunt Mitchell laid her knife and fork down, drew a long breath, and said:

"Hiram, you're a fool."

The bomb had been discharged, and its effect was wonderful. Hiram sat with his knife and fork in hand, and with his mouth and eyes open, transfixed. Sarah turned all sorts of colors and trembled all over. Mrs. Spickler felt herself diminishing so rapidly that she thought sure she would disappear altogether in a little while.

"Hiram, you're a fool," Aunt Mitchell repeated after giving a contemptuous glance around. "You're a fool and worse. You're a fool to think that you have got any religion. You're a fool to be led by the nose, and you're worse than a fool to turn your home into an asylum for these Pickles while your own child is an outcast in the world, without friends or money. I tell you, Hiram Blatchford, you haven't got as much religion as a buzzard, and you haven't got as much heart as a stone."

"Why—why, Mitchell," Hiram stammered, having recovered a little from his astonishment.

"Don't 'why' me, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell went on. "I know what I'm talking about, and you know I do. The idea of you giving money to convert the heathen and paint the church and all that sort of thing, when your own child may be starving for food. It's a shame and a mockery, and I wonder that God don't damn you for it. The idea of you helping to convert the heathen! It's ridiculous. If there is a wild nigger in Africa that is any more heathenish toward his offspring than you are toward yours, then I say God pity him. Oh you may wince, Hiram, but you

"HIRAM, YOU'RE A FOOL!"

know it's the truth I'm speaking. Do you suppose God is going to give a place in Heaven to a man who has no place in his home or his heart for his own child? Not much He won't, and you can't buy yourself into His favor, as you do into Wheedler's, with the gift of money. As I said, you are a fool and worse. Talk about your religion! Why, there ain't a particle of it in this house, and there ain't a one of you that knows what Christianity is. Not a single one of all of you knows any more about Christianity than a pig."

Aunt Mitchell cast a defiant glance around as she ceased speaking, and as she came to Mrs. Blatchford last, and noted the shamed look of that lady, she gave a contemptuous sniff. Hiram trembled with rage and shame. He realized only too well the truth of his sister's words, but for all the world he wouldn't have acknowledged anything. With a great effort he controlled himself to a certain extent, and with tolerable firmness said:

"Mitchell, this is my house, and while you remain in it I wish you would show decent respect for my feelings and the feelings of my family."

"I shall not remain in this house another day, Hiram," Aunt Mitchell replied. "I feel now, and I have felt from the first, that I am not wanted here. I could hardly hope to find a welcome to this house when your own child is not welcome, and I would not have remained here this long only I hoped to find an occasion for showing you what a fool you are. You have your Pickles about you and you are happy. You give money to this thing and that thing and you imagine you are doing a Christian duty. You listen to hypocritical professions at home and flattery abroad, and you think you are a good man. But mark my word, Hiram, the day will come when you will discover that you have woefully missed the Christian's walk in life. In the next world, if not in this, your neglect of your daughter will rise up against you and make you wish you had never been born. The time will come when the compliments and flatteries of Wheedler and the Pickleses will not soothe your soul."

"But, Mitchell, listen to me—" Hiram began, only to be promptly shut up by his sister who went on:

"There is no excuse for your conduct, Hiram, none at all. Your daughter may have done wrong in marrying against your will, but she could not have done greatly wrong, since you acknowledge that John Green is a good, honest, sober, industrious man. But wrong or not, her crime was not so great that you were warranted in making her an outcast, while you fill your house with those who care for you only so far as your dollars and cents go. Do you think God will forgive you and take you to His bosom so long as you remain oblivious to your daughter? Never, never. If you ever expect to get to Heaven take some of the money you are subscribing here and there, and devote it to your child's needs. Better a thousand times let the church go unpainted than to let that child suffer one moment from want. Now I've had my say, Hiram, and I hope my words will set you to thinking and acting more like a Christian and less like a heathen, and that before you throw away another dollar in the useless effort to buy favor of God, you will act the part of a civilized father. 'Woe unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites.'"

Having thus brought her lecture to a finish and feeling her soul relieved of a mighty burden, Aunt Mitchell arose from her seat and, giving a withering look of scorn and pity to those at the table, swept from the room, and an hour later left Blatchford's house.

His sister's words had a telling effect on Blatchford. They cut him deeply, and he could not rid himself of the uncomfortable feeling they awakened. He realized the truth of her words, and he grew small in his own estimation. He understood fully the futility of his liberal financial gifts to the church and the heathen, and he was less inclined to praise and pat himself than he had been for a long time. Sister Blatchford tried her old tactics to rally him, but they lacked their old-time efficacy, and he left the house that morning in a sad, dejected state of mind.

Reaching his office he plunged into his business duties with unusual energy, and for a little while held to them; but soon his thoughts wandered back to the scene at home, and between him and his papers there flitted pictures of his child. Now he saw her face, pale, sad and sunken, looking reproachfully into his eyes, and again he caught a glimpse of her form, no longer rounded and plump as of old, but an emaciated skeleton, telling only too well the story of want and suffering. For an hour or more he tried to banish his daughter from his thoughts and concentrate his mind upon the business he had in hand, but in spite of all his efforts pictures of his child would dance across his papers to distract him and add to his self-accusations.

At last, finding that it was impossible to control his wandering thoughts and fix them where he wished, and being unable to longer endure the thoughts his fancy bred, he threw down his papers and pen and fled from the office. He walked madly down the street, having no idea of his destination, having no care for his course, intent on but one thing, and that was to escape the thoughts that haunted him. On and on he walked until he passed through the town and out into the country, nor did he halt until he came to the river bank. Then he sat down, and removing his hat felt his burning, throbbing brow.

"My God, my God," he murmured, "what have I done! My poor, lost child, how could I ever forget you so! How have I forgotten your mother and my promise to her. Oh, God, spare me and let me live to undo what I have done. Let me but see my child once more and receive her forgiveness for all of my neglect and cruelty."

A long time he sat there gazing down into the deep flowing water, and more than once he was inclined to throw himself into the current and find relief at once for his tortured soul. There, he thought, he could escape the awful thoughts that haunted him, and he fancied that the cold water would be welcome to his burning brow. But finally the desire to see his daughter once more and atone to her for his cruel neglect got the better of him, and he arose and went toward his office.

As he walked unsteadily back he wondered why people stared at him so, little dreaming what a change a few hours of mental anguish had worked in his outward appearance. He did not know that his face had become haggard, and his eyes bloodshot. He did not realize that the fires of hell that burned within him had scorched and seamed him outwardly.

He was nearing his office when he met Rev. Wheedler, and that gentleman instantly noted the great change in his valued parishioner, and immediately sought to assist Brother Blatchford home. He approached to take the old man's arm, but Blatchford waved him off, and almost fled from the spot. His action surprised Rev. Wheedler beyond anything, and he left that gentleman perfectly dumfounded. Rev. Wheedler looked after the fleeing figure for an instant, undecided what to do, but finally he concluded to follow. After a chase of a couple of blocks he caught up with Blatchford.

"Brother," he said, "you are ill. Allow me to see you home."

"Don't touch me," Blatchford fairly shrieked as he glared viciously upon the minister. "Don't come near me. You helped to do it. Go away from me. My child is dying of want. I feel it. I know it. And you helped to lead me away from her and blind me to her rights and claims. Don't speak to me again. I want my poor, wronged child, and I'm going to find her."

Then, before the astonished minister could collect his scattered senses, the old man was gone. He passed around the corner and entered his office, where, sinking into a seat, he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Oh, my God, my God," he groaned "what have I done? How cruel, how heartless have I acted toward my own flesh and blood—my only child. How blind and brutal I have been, and how bitter is the awakening to the enormity of my sin. Oh, for one sight of my child, one word of forgiveness from her lips. I must find her. I must search the country from end to end for her."

At that instant the door opened and a clerk came in. He approached the old man diffidently, for he could not help seeing the great change that had come over him. He laid a telegram on the desk and without a word withdrew.

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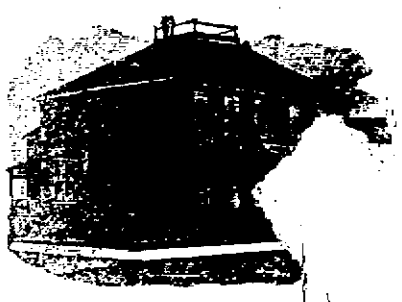

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